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THE

WRONGS

OF

THE ANIMAL WORLD.

TO WHICH IS SUBJOINED,

THE SPEECH OF LORD ERSKINE,

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

BY

DAVID MUSHET, ESQ.

LONDON:
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DEDICATION.

TO * * * * *.

WHEN Eve, our first mother, walked in the garden of Paradise, surrounded with every beast of the field, and every winged bird, and every creature bearing life—rejoicing in her presence who rejoiced with them; purity which is now lost on earth, simplicity that sin has corrupted, trueness of heart which wrong has wounded, circled her heart like a chaplet of shining flowers; and Divine benevolence over all, sealed the bond of intercourse between the reasoning and the unreasoning world.

These bright qualities are corrupted to their opposites, and the primitive order confounded: but from amid this wreck and this confusion, let me point to you—as one across whose soul of light no cloud has passed; where purity, simplicity, truth, and faithfulness are planted in such perfection, that the fruits which kindness bore with our first parents may be seen again displayed; a power of calling forth the attachment of the inferior world, which resembles the illusions of enchantment, placing before the scarce believing eyes the pure communion of primeval innocence; a sympathy indeed so wonderful in kindling all their brightest and their loveliest qualities, that in every sense it may be uttered with the poet—

> " that you, O you,
> So perfect, and so peerless, are created
> Of every creature's best."

To you, then, of right, these pages must be inscribed, the fountain of their best thoughts, not as mere praise, but for the instruction of others, to

record the charm of perfect companionship, proved by your example; the instinctive homage even of brutes before the magic of an amiable and generous heart, without a selfish trace. Accept the gift: a drop from the golden stream your soul delights in, weigh not its value but its source; let the rich sunshine of your favour tinge it with a borrowed worth, though no equivalent, the effort is your due, who lead these creatures with a surpassing influence imagination had not dared to conceive—not the too frequent tie of fear, but the compulsion of the strong bond of love, honourable, cheerful, and delighting to all who feel or who behold its power.

Were all hearts tuned like yours, an appeal to human justice would not be needed:—Then to your name a fitter title might be inscribed—the Wrongs of Animals ceased for ever, the dubious vestiges of Eden might become the certain foot-prints of our daily practice; and cruelty and suffering be known no more.

PREFACE.

To place before the public an Essay stamped with a certain mark of inferiority by the tribunal of a public competition, demands, in the plainest manner, an apology. Upon all the usual subjects of discussion which have been examined, and are known so well, that the conscious heart ever accuses the deficient practice, an adequate excuse with difficulty might be found. But on the duties the following pages are intended to enforce, much less has been written than they deserve, and the just line of conduct but partially discriminated. Faults are committed with an unconsciousness of error, sometimes even with a belief of innocence and propriety.

The creatures we are called on to defend, are the Pariahs of another caste, and suffer from prejudice. Children of bondage: once dwellers with us in the paternal home of paradise; like the

offspring of Hagar they have been banished to the wilderness, and scattered like arrows to the four winds of heaven. Their hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against them. The first-born of the earth: figuratively, the hairy children of creation, they have been disinherited by the smooth Jacob; and driven from our society, like other slaves; while with one of slavery's accursed features, we hate the servile fear we have ourselves engendered. The voices only of a few have ever been raised in their defence, and in the host of human literature their interests form comparatively an uncultivated field. It might be urged that inferiority is not worthlessness, nor all exertions useless which do not reach the goal. But this is not the ground of our excuse. On the reverse, had it been ascertained this treatise were the meanest and the poorest effort in the animal behalf; it would best perform the end of inviting others to communicate what they have written; who with greater modesty though superior merit, may not have dared to plunge into the uncertain stream, and risk the imputation of assuming rashness; and set an example which might open to the public eye all that has been composed, where many flowers must be scattered, though all the necessary conditions which

might warrant the sanction of a public body, and shelter with impunity under its approval, may not have been fulfilled. It is unnecessary to disclaim a motive of dissatisfaction or of appeal, the fondest of the irritable genus could not rebuke the justice of the tribunal—to the decision of which he voluntarily had submitted. On the contrary, the Author can do no less than offer a sincere acknowledgment for the satisfaction and advantage the composing this Essay has afforded him. Dispute is odious amid those who claim a more refined humanity.

In gracing this volume with the advocacy of an illustrious individual, without which record of the first appeal to law, no treatise would be complete, a sanction and an interest is thrown over the whole subject, which nothing could equally confer. In the momentous events which at the time and subsequently, absorbed the attention of Europe, his efforts passed comparatively unnoticed; and that so great a man was the first senator who vindicated the legal claims of animals is by no means adequately known. Covered with distinction, no visionary of the closet, but steeped in affairs, and conspicuous in them all; occupied with important human interests, from which only the strong power of a

just and warrantable feeling could have raised his mind: this speech affords at once a noble monument to his memory, and the force of unanswerable authority to the subject which it treats of; confuting by his name that accusation too frequently indulged, that sentiments of humanity to inferior beings are the depraved delusion of an idle and frivolous mind.

While the arguments which opposed his efforts have become a fading shadow, buried with their authors beneath the unforgiving grave, and recollected only by the contrast of his humanity, an everlasting tree of mercy springs above his tomb, and shades with grateful freshness the memory of him who first for beasts asserted a claim to legal surety. Nor is there an event more singular and sublime, more foreign to the class of party and its pretended ends; than that first freedom of spirit, which, setting foot on prejudice and blind custom, dared to look with candour on these humble slaves, and made the senate walls reverberate in their defence; with accents so different to the grating contests of the world and its self-interested voice, that we exclaim,

> "This is no mortal business, nor no sound
> That the earth owes."

ADVERTISEMENT.

In the latter months of the year 1837 an Advertisement appeared in the name of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, offering a premium for the best Essay on "The Obligation of Man as regards the Brute Creation." The following extract will best explain the nature of the work required, and afford a standard to examine in what degree these pages, written in that competition, have fulfilled their object. The Adjudicators named for the office of examination, were the Earl of Caernarvon, President of the Society, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, and Mr. Serjeant Talfourd.

"The Committee of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have the pleasure of announcing to the Public the Donation of a benevolent Friend to the cause of Humanity.

"This humane individual intends to confer the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS upon the Writer of that Essay which,

in the opinion of Arbitrators, to be appointed by the Society, shall combine in the highest degree literary merit, with a judicious treatment of the subject, and the best practical, moral, and religious application.

"The Essay required is one which shall morally illustrate, and religiously enforce, the obligation of man towards the inferior and dependent creatures—their protection and security from abuse, more especially as regards those engaged in the service, and for the use and benefit of mankind—on the sin of cruelty—the infliction of wanton or unnecessary pain, taking the subject under its various denominations—exposing the specious defence of vivisection on the ground of its being for the interests of science—the supplying the infinite demands on the poor animal in aid of human speculations by exacting extreme labour, and thereby causing excessive suffering—humanity to the brute as harmonious with the spirit and doctrines of Christianity, and the duty of man as a rational and accountable creature."

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PART THE FIRST.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EFFECTS OF HUMAN CRUELTY TOWARDS THE BRUTE CREATION.

FIRST PART.

"From these, degenerate as they are, I still improve in some virtues without any mixture of vice."—*Swift.*

THAT interest respecting the animal creation, that desire to alleviate their pains, the sympathy for their sufferings, which during thirty years has so greatly increased, is, there can be no doubt, one of the innumerable shapes in which the Christian faith has softened and humanized the world. The fierce passions of beasts have ceased to be a type and example of human virtue. The fierceness of the lion is no longer held up as the exemplar of masculine perfection, and the gentle timidity of the sheep has ceased to be the despised emblem of cowardice and insignificance. HE who was led like a lamb to the slaughter has sanctified the

virtues of meekness and humility; he has taught the world that peace is better than war; that patience surpasses revenge; that there is more honour to forgive than to destroy; and in this, as in every branch of cruelty and crime, the very wicked, who reject the truth, have bent unwillingly beneath its effects; the power which they deny, they cannot withstand; and by an influence, gradual but irresistible, vice has unwillingly resigned a hundred shapes of horror.

When red hot pincers tore the flesh of the assassin, and molten lead and boiling oil were the only unguents to his wounds; when the entrails of the disembowelled traitor quivered apart from the live and agonizing trunk; when the crushed limb and the rending joint forced from the innocent victim the voice of his own accusation; in those days, men, as if in solace of their own sufferings, bestowed in sport upon the animal world the tortures which the mistakes of unenlightened justice inflicted on themselves. The recreations of men were too often the agonies of beasts; and if the calendars of our ancient games, in the perusal, make the veins run chill with

horror, we must reflect with less surprise, that beasts then suffered much, when man suffered more.

But if the animal kingdom has shared in the improvements with which an enlightened religion has marked all the thoughts and actions of men, it seems highly doubtful if they have shared equally these benefits; and while we have been soothing the thorns of our own condition, have we been equally mindful of those our companions in the darker ages of torture? It is true that games of cruelty have been almost abolished. The merry chanticleer writhes no more in agonies at Shrove-tide; nobles and gentlemen, in this Protestant country at least, no longer find in the bull-bait and dog-fight a principal amusement. And the little village maid has begun to learn that the music of the impaled cockchafer is far other than the voice of mirth. Yet in all this, though apparently much, too little has been really done; and while man has been fencing his own person and rights with the most assiduous care; while he cannot receive from his fellow a moment's pang without a legal claim to punishment and redress; while he is now

attempting more, and striving to blot from the page of justice all punishments inflicting pain upon his own form, it may be doubted whether those pains which individuals of the animal world suffered at seasons intensely from these unhallowed games, are not now inflicted in a more painful and protracted shape.

In this respect the iron sceptre has passed from Momus to the hand of Mammon, and in the daily and unremitting toil of his service, and from the heartlessness of his votaries, we doubt whether a greater aggregate of suffering be not inflicted, than sprang from those barbarous customs, cruel as they were. To point out the nature of that suffering will form a portion of this Essay.

The particular efforts of benevolent individuals, whose unremitting perseverance, undiscouraged by the sneers and neglect which met them at the outset, succeeded at length in bringing these dumb and defenceless victims of cruelty within the pale of the law, are too well known to be recapitulated here, nor is it our proper object to commemorate them. Invaluable as are the effects of these ex-

ertions, there are particular features connected with legislation on this subject, which if they do not detract from its efficacy, render it doubly necessary to awaken the public feeling, and call its attention in a lively manner in aid of such enactments. What we more particularly would allude to is, that pathetic silence which distinguishes them from pleading, complaining, right-demanding man. A creature, bearing the title of Humanity, carrying a face erect towards heaven, exhibits his superiority by wounding some patient and obedient steed, using his power as a power to torture, with base ingratitude, that creature upon whom depends his bread, by whose exertions he lives and feels the enjoyments of life. His cruelty is noticed by some friend of mercy, he is summoned, imprisoned or fined. But how fares his unhappy victim? the law cannot remove him from the torturer's hands: and is it to be supposed that the heart which is so hard as to commit the crime, will be softened by the punishment? Will not rather the Demon of revenge stalk malignant in his bosom? from fear of punishment he will be *seen* to sin no more; but who can disclose the *secret* tale of horror? who again display before the bar of justice those

aggravated pains, by which spite and malice shall seek to compensate their own just penalty? The sufferer is silent, and cannot complain.

If this picture be true, and every friend of these animals will recollect how often his interference has been checked by a conviction of its truth, how necessary does it become to converse, to preach, to write, to use every method unceasingly, that may awaken the attention of all classes to the subject, and thus mediately or immediately touch those hard and savage hearts, (brutal, unjustly named, for in brutes is wanton cruelty unknown,) to whose care unfortunately too often their destinies are consigned.

Connected with this view, a feature of utility appears in the present undertaking, which is perhaps scarcely less advantageous than the great and primary object which it is intended to realize. To obtain a composition in style, in matter, and in feeling, worthy this interesting theme, is an invaluable prospect. Yet another benefit will be attained, and though none may dare to hope for words of moving eloquence equal to the occasion,

and though one alone can bear away the prize, the labours of the rest, though unsuccessful, will not be vain.

Those who have long laid the subject to their hearts, and have mourned by night and day over the calamities of those who share the gift of existence, who feel like them

"——both joy and grief, pleasure and pain,"

will have received a pointed stimulus to arrange their thoughts. An honourable ambition, to write well in such a cause, will add new vigour even to benevolence, and summon energies never raised before. The apprehension, quickened by the prospect of utility on so large a scale, will detect new lights and beauties which had never crossed the private meditation. These will direct their steps, and encourage their zeal, and though failing as the victors in the competition, they will gain a prize to the sincere votary of mercy, more desirable and more dear—an increased knowledge of its interests, and of the means to forward them.

Like colonies planted in a desert region, to civilize

a world; like watch-towers standing on high to guide the distant traveller; like beacons to the mariner, each Author will influence the circle round him: trimmed by this labour his lamp will burn more bright, and shed an increased radiance; his voice, so practised, will sound more clearly in the wanderer's ear; his opinions fertilized, will colonize more rapidly with bright inhabitants the souls of those who are his company; and while he looks with pride to him who leads the van of honour, and fills the public ear, he will feel a just contentment in his own labour, and pleasantly reflect that every hand which takes the pen of contest, will reap the benefit, and gain the power that he has gained.

Flattered and soothed by such hopes of usefulness, let us then, though diffidently, proceed. Impressed with a due sense of our inadequate powers, a sense which zeal heightens, as it paints the depth and interest of the cause, yet remembering that good-will may sometimes supply the place of talent, and fervour and sincerity work out the effect of eloquence.

Before we enter on our task, (a labour of love

and hope,) let us address those who think lightly of the efforts of that Society whose offer commands our pen. The subject has been considered of small import, and those who exert themselves in it, a class fond and fatuitously prejudiced; who give the interests of beasts a place they little deserve beside the engrossing cares of man. But is it difficult to show, that this opinion has its origin in that selfishness of our nature, which makes a regard to our own pursuits or sufferings so paramount? It is a relic of barbarism, a remnant of that savage state, when minds compressed by narrow cares and narrow pains, were wrought incapable of a generous and extended sympathy. Engrossing and violent views in every shape are barbaric, unrefined, unchristian; and may it not be said, that the reckless devotees of sport, who bruised their bird to death at Shrove-tide, were scarcely further removed from that pure spirit which ought to warm the heart, than the blind and bigoted puritan, who doomed to death the woodland songster, because upon the Sabbath he used the notes his Maker gave him? It is the attention of the pious and reflecting that we first desire to engage; to persuade them that these also are works of charity.

Those who are already occupied with deeds and feelings of benevolence towards men, we would convince that brutes are not undeserving their regard, and that by teaching kindliness and mercy towards the tongueless world, a harvest will be returned to the garners of human mercy and love.

Many we know; how many more must there be who, if their sympathies were but thus extended; if a small share of that indefatigable zeal and ardour with which they watch over to improve their fellow men, were divided from the main channel, and diverted to fertilize the grateful meadows of kindness to the dumb world, all that can be desired in their circles would perhaps be accomplished. And here occurs a thought which occupies them, and too frequently affords an argument for their indifference. Beasts have not a soul; their pleasures and their pains are limited to the present; and while the souls of men must be preserved from wrath eternal, it is considered a trifle that a horse shall groan an hour; their time and their exertions are too valuable to be spent in such a cause. But supposing that the objects are unconnected, (which we deny, and undertake to prove,

that kindness and attention to the animal world will, more than any single object that can be named, conspire to tune the heart to innocence and virtue, and render it susceptible of, and habitual in, the purity of Christian principle and practice,) does not the argument they apply, demand a wholly opposite direction? If the "brutes that perish," have no hopes but in the present, if they are "seen no more," what reason can be more commanding, to make that present happy? When for their pains they are to receive no recompense; when the future holds out for their sufferings here, no balance of perpetual joy, how can the feeling heart pass coldly by their miseries?

They need no trials, no cares, nor sorrows, to correct their passions or abate their pride; they are uncorrupted, stamped with the signet of their original purity; we read from generation to generation the same character which was first marked by their Creator's hand; legibly written there, can be read the traces of primeval innocence. They speak intelligibly of a world before the fall, companions of man in his first state, what other relics of that Paradise have been handed down to

us through the lapse of ages? The same patient obedience, the same dumb eloquence of looks that were cultivated by our first Parents, kindness and attention will still elicit from them; and we can fancy sometimes in their aspect may be perceived, as it were, an hereditary grief, a plaintive solicitation, mourning at a sad recollection of former pleasures, and pleading to be restored to that mild intercourse which doubtless crowned those innocent days, ere sin had raised in man a host of fatal interests which blind us, and cut off the access of the voice of nature, and stop the channels of its intercourse.

Indeed no person, who is in the habit of paying but the ordinary attention to animals, who keeps a cat only to catch mice, a horse for service, or a cow to milk, is aware of the degree in which attention and kindness have the power of calling forth the sympathies of these creatures; nor is there a greater difference between the feelings and intelligence of these two states, than between the latter state and that intelligent communion which it may be supposed existed in our Primitive purity.

But, passing these speculations as chimeras (which some will deem them) of a fond imagination, we again ask, is it a generous reason to neglect these creatures, because their days are numbered, and either for good or evil they will exist no more? Is it so proud a privilege that man, scared from evil by the terror of eternal pains, and lured to virtue by the hopes of everlasting joy, is yet so base and so corrupt, that not these awful engines have the power to keep his actions within bounds? Is this, we say, so proud a privilege, that he must look down with contempt upon those companions in the gift of life, those pilgrims of the world, the "imagination of whose heart is not evil continually;" who do not lie down to dream of sin, and rise up to do it; who, in short, are not occupied for ever in striving to deceive and to delude their fellows, and to profit by their delusion. The truth is, we fear, with those who treat them thus, their attention is so occupied and enthralled with their own passions; they find such ceaseless trouble, if not to gratify at least to restrain them, that their minds are quite precluded from that freedom which, were they innocent, would leave the attention ever wakeful, to notice

and enjoy each trace of creative wisdom and benevolence in every shape displayed.

And if it is an evil and blameable effect of bad passions, so to engross and absorb us, that we become blind and inattentive to the lessons, which the inferior creatures might afford, how infinitely more culpable must we be when we do more than neglect them; when we invade their peace, and carry into that harmless kingdom our own passions, with all their cruelty and pain? True, that upon our first parent was bestowed the empire of this kingdom, and in fee to his generation for ever; but is that empire to be a tyranny? should we not seek in the character of these our subjects, for those beauties and subtilties originally imparted to them, and governing them according to these, we shall carry out the scheme and intention of their creation; otherwise, we oppose the plans of a benevolent Creator, and check and render null those capacities we ought to cultivate and unfold. Let us carefully watch and guard the welfare of those humble slaves, who at the voice of the demagogue cannot rise and demand their own. Let here no longer might be

right, and a violent indiscriminating will our law.

But we think it also not difficult to exhibit to those benevolent persons who think lightly of this subject, that inculcating a kind behaviour to animals is important, because its good effects recoil upon the instructor, and benefit those interests which they principally affect to cherish. It appears an obvious truth that, he who is barbarous to one living creature, will scarcely be humane to another. Is it probable that one who cannot command his anger towards animals, will behave with more considerate discretion in his relation of son, of father, of brother, or neighbour? It may be said that unkindness towards animals is only the corollary of a bad disposition towards man; that we ought to begin by correcting the latter, and the amendment of the former will follow; and that it is a mere waste of time to direct attention to this, considered the minor evil. But we take a very different view; and as man's conduct is too often hardened by the conduct of his fellow-men, we affirm that kindness towards brutes, which never meets the blighting chill of ingratitude, and of evil returned for good,

is one of the best schools for training up the heart to habits of gentleness and forbearance.

No man affords a perfect pattern and example to his fellow man; his corruption precludes this, and has debased the model of humanity. In the highest instances, where nature has struggled the most to redeem her lost and injured privilege, and has produced among ten thousand some less imperfect specimen, even there, while we admire, weaknesses will be seen that must be humoured and forgiven, if we would live in charity and peace. How much more, then, are the faults and imperfections of the indiscriminate mass, which surrounds us in the intercourse of life from childhood to old age!

How little does this intercourse tend to cultivate a large and enlightened soul; crossed by the passions, harassed by the injustice of others, the faculties of confidence and admiration are shrunk beneath successive blights. It is not man in perfect and undisguised simplicity, without guile, as he came from the hands of his Maker, that is placed before our study, but a soul distorted,

crossed, entangled, warped to a thousand antagonizing ends—busied with perpetual schemes of self—and when athwart the fabric of its perverted mazes, some glimpse gleams forth of its original brightness, this light is soon lost again, concealed by the circuit of its own revolutions, or forced into obscurity by fear, or self-defence, or shame.

This is a poor school for the theory, study, and emulation of perfection; and in our practice towards men, even when we act well, how many motives beside pure kindness and a love of peace may influence our conduct! Outrage meets revenge or punishment; consequences flow from evil actions which force considerateness, for fear and not love's sake; and on the better and more amiable side, our benevolence is not always pure. Pride, ostentation, self-interestedness, it is too well known, often wear the garb, or mingle in her deeds. In short, the intercourse of men with men too often shows us more to pity than to admire, less to cherish than to forget.

Outwardly we may bear the appearance of proper conduct, restrained and moulded by all these

motives, and yet the desirable object unattained, the heart not touched, the soul not gilded by the "day-spring from on high." If the provocations to misconduct are greater from mankind, so also are the incitements to virtue's semblance. But gentleness to the helpless, patient animal world, can spring from no motive but a true tenderness of spirit, a mildness that has its ground in love, and reverence for every work of the Almighty hand, however small and nominally mean. Here no flatterer lauds the selfish boon, no voice within whispers a future pæan of renown; all is silent but the voice of nature, and that guileless spirit of harmony which, when disturbing sin has not been mingled, breathes so exquisitely through the whole frame of the created world.

May not this subject then, humble and unimportant as it appears, be made a test of the pure and perfect spirit? will it be deemed enthusiastic to propose, that whatever may be the profession of religion, the works of charity, the appearance of piety, we should mistrust them all? we should doubt in the good work that much was yet undone, did we see them neglect or despise, much more

treat with wanton harshness, or ill use even the smallest thing that God has made, and would narrowly watch for those faults which it was more their interest to conceal.

First, therefore, we recommend, that an examination of the treatment of professing persons towards animals may tend very much to detect their sincerity, and what progress they have made in the mild and Christian virtues; and much more, we imagine, that by calling the attention particularly of the more docile youth to the thousand traits of nature which these beings exhibit, they will learn more of the beauties and excellences of creation, than our own corrupted state can yield; and thirdly, by this attention, they will be brought up with spirits more humbled, and will more faithfully fulfil their duties with their fellow-men. Both humbled and shamed may man often be by the qualities which brutes display! Natural affection, sympathy, nay benevolence,* are qualities they undeniably possess; let, therefore, those who think kindness to animals a se-

* This word is used in its strict sense, *bene volentes*, wishing well—assisting one another.

condary consideration in the conduct, which may be left to follow as a general consequence of religious improvement, reflect upon these suggestions, and observe, with an unprejudiced eye, the conduct of their pupils or their pious favourites in these minor morals.

It will be seen that we do not merely desire to impress the heinousness of gross cruelty and ill usage, but the benefit which will be reflected upon the whole conduct and disposition, not alone by an abstinence from harsh acts, but by the assiduous practice, where it is possible, of kind and gentle treatment, and a close and persevering cultivation of those qualities with which they are created. Those who have not made the experiment are little aware to what degree these qualities can be elicited by education, nor how much a sympathy and admiration for them will soften even the most unreflecting. If more care were taken with youth to point out these affections, we should see men sporting much less often with the pains and distresses of those creatures which we find possessed of feelings like our own: and to see all these qualities of nature on which we are apt

to pride ourselves, possessed by brutes, must, if properly viewed, humble greatly the self-relying spirit, and teach it to examine on what grounds man is promised so different a fate of immortality, when, on mortal grounds, he so much resembles them; and tend to convince and to confirm the mind in that great truth of our religion, that we must rely on other Merits than our own.

Can we, then, be too earnest and too enthusiastic, if benefits so great attend on the cultivation of a humane spirit to the animal creation? Exaggerated as they may appear to those who have not before considered the subject in this light, we feel not only convinced of their reality, but that, by a close attention, not these benefits alone will be realized, but brighter and more lasting blessings will spring forward, than we are at present able to conceive or to express. When is the wolf to lie down with the lamb, the leopard with the kid? scarcely while we scare and barbarize them by the effect of our own evil example.

And it is not merely in its effects upon the pupil that we think human nature will derive the benefit

of kindness; the instructor also will take his share; and we venture to assert, that an attention to the artless impressiveness of the brute creation will render the mind more capable of detecting human frauds and flatteries.

Deeply imbued with observations of nature's language, the fictions of art will appear more palpable and gross; and while we are so weak by nature as to be pleased with flattering attentions which disarm our judgment, can we have too many helps to discover whether those we seek to train and benefit approach us, like Goneril and Regan, with a "serpent's tongue" of flattery; deceit, and malice in their hearts; or if, like the sweet Cordelia, they

> "cannot heave
> The heart into the mouth,"

and love, like her,

> "According to the bond, nor more nor less."

Silent and unpretending duty, ill recompensed like hers, and overwhelmed by the frauds of successful deceit, is the occurrence of every hour;

and more or less, in great or little, the scenes of that great tragedy are acted around us day by day: as a magic test which shall dissolve the charm, let us recommend this acquaintance with the native language and expression of animals, which, like Ithuriel's spear, will reveal before us those hearts in their true frightfulness which crafty cunning or sanctimonious hypocrisy had gilded over with the false lustre of counterfeit goodness.

And let those who think that enthusiasm blinds us, or spreads forth a mirage of deceitful prospect, let these unbelieving, but not unwilling few, (for few we hope they may be,) turn with a glowing heart and eager eye to cultivate these gracious mercies; and though incredulous at first, they will find at length that in small things may be hidden a great mystery, and experience will teach them the lessons it hath taught us. We dwell the more upon this part of our subject, because, in proportion as we are impressed with its importance and utility, as deeply are we aware, that that importance and utility will not appear at first to every eye. We would therefore heap line upon line, and precept upon precept, till earnestness might

at last call attention, and attention once aroused, for the consequences we should have no fear. Let the eye but once perceive the glorious prospect, the feet would quickly wander in its paths; fresh beauties at every step appearing; were, indeed, one-hundredth part of that benefit but universally experienced which we perceive and desire to inculcate, as universally would cruelty cease: that step gained, the rest would follow in its appointed train.

What more can we say? can earnest enthusiasm place these opinions in a clearer light? can ardour find warmer words to melt the unbelieving? have we convinced those whom first we desire to convince; those whose hearts already feel the sacred animation of the pure fire of benevolence? Do you think with us, that in the vast field of animated nature beneath man, the acts of every creature can read a moral lesson to the heart? do you believe that in every look, and every action, you can read the character written in creation by the Almighty hand? Though not defiled and corrupted as man is by immediate sin, yet they are no doubt degenerated since our fall; do you

then from your inmost heart most fervently believe that it is a duty to remove, as it were, that soil which they have contracted by our evil, and by patient and assiduous kindness renew and cultivate and beautify again their pristine nature, whose bounteous fulness, our harshness, and neglect, and evil example have nipped, dejected and restrained?

Do you believe all this as regards them? and in respect of man, are you convinced that in cultivating these, he will improve himself; that his heart will grow softer by such intercourse, not only towards them, but to his fellow-men; that in observing them he will learn better to cultivate the virtues which he proudly thought his own? Humbled by perceiving these, too, do their duty without blame in every natural act, he will rely, not on the merits which brutes share with him, but seek the only hope which points to immortality.

Is it a trifling study that can compass ends like these in virtue and intelligence? and are you also convinced with us that the pious man's vision will be indued with greater clearness to perceive fraud,

falsehood and hypocrisy, and therefore with power to remedy or remove them; as the eye wearied with some minute and intricate research, by wandering over a soft and pleasing prospect, returns invigorated and refreshed to disentangle the perplexities which baffled it before. And at the last, imbued with the spirit of truth, it will more easily detect falsehood, having learned the aspect of silent and unpretending virtue.

If still insensible and unbelieving, we can only entreat that time may place before you such facts as shall have the power to convince through the channel of experience.

Let us remember that the folly of one age is the wisdom of the next; the scorn of one century may become the reverence of the following; the little speck on the horizon increases to a mighty hurricane, and like the grain of mustard seed, which grew to a mighty tree; who can say what this despised and rejected subject, the cultivation of the gifts of animals, may be destined to bring forth in the hand of our Almighty Guide?

We think it is not an overweening mistaken illusion, but a prophetic vision that spreads before our eyes of unconceived, and until now, unhoped for consequences, flowing from a due attention to this matter. Grounded on reflections of the past, why may we not dare to hope that these expectations are probable and just? Fallen as we are, something may be recovered; nay, much we are promised will be recovered of that primitive state of our first parents, when

> " ——— About them frisking played
> All beasts of the earth, since wild and of all chace
> In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
> Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw
> Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards
> Gambolled before them; the unwieldy elephant
> To make them mirth, used all his might, and writhed
> His lithe proboscis."

Sure as we are that this state was the state of innocence, how shall we approach that innocence again, except by cultivating, even in the smallest degree, the graces that adorned it? and sure we may and must be, that great as is the mystery; impossible as it is for us to discern by what means the passions of men shall be so soothed and purified, that the sword shall be beaten to the plough-share,

and the spear become the reaping-hook; yet we can commit no error in cultivating the utmost kindness to those who are to be our companions in that state of peace; and reason there does appear to hope, that by that kindness, we may, under heavenly guidance, be taking some, the first and happy steps, towards so memorable an era.

When animals shall be at peace with one another, their lawful and natural propensities asleep, and when man shall be at peace with man, it is impossible that war and cruelty should exist between men and them; by smoothing the intercourse between us, one of the three conditions of that state will be attained. Two more only will remain to be fulfilled.

We do not endeavour to enforce the irreligious* and impracticable doctrine, impracticable in our present state, of abstaining from the use of animals for food, which is a right explicitly belonging to that dominion given to man over all creatures in air, and earth, and sea. We do not advocate

* See particularly Gen. ix. 3; and 1 Tim. iv. 3, 4.

extravagant sacrifices; but point out a course that all may practise, in which enthusiasm will be fed by its own progress. It is not necessary to pervert or to refuse the bounteous gifts of heaven. The sheep that dies might never have had life, but that our use requires it; it was bred and nourished for us, and from the first hour to the last its existence is a clear gain which may well be balanced against the hour when we destroy it. Death comes to all, and these creatures, perhaps, might suffer more from the decay of helpless age, than the momentary pang the knife inflicts; but for those that are bred to die, and those who are bred to live; for food or for labour, it becomes us to make that life a life of peace; this is in the power of all. In those days when the wings of peace shall overshadow the whole earth, and all bitterness be turned to joy, whether these necessities shall cease, what laws of nature shall be changed, we know not; in the mean time they do exist, and may be legally fulfilled; but there is no profit in being cruel, that supplies no wants, and impossible as it is that we can then be so, by ceasing to torment them now, we shall attain one quality at least of that most elevated and unexampled state,

and may flatter ourselves we are advancing towards it.

Let this suffice for those whose hearts are well inclined towards benevolence and mercy, and whom we rather seek to make more kind than less cruel, and whose attention having been carried away by the ardour of a superior zeal, may not have observed, or have considered as insignificant, consequences of which we trust we have demonstrated the importance.

We now enter a painful, and we fear less hopeful task; how shall we address the callous, the scornful, and the hard-hearted? To the slaves of vice and violence, what language, what reasons can be found to pierce the cloud and tempest of their infatuation? Slaves to themselves, how shall we persuade them to make others free?

> "The quality of mercy is not strained,
> It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven."

Laws, fines, imprisonments, will not instil its amiable attributes, and to those who demand these terrors to restrain their cruelty, in what shape, by

what arguments shall the gentle voice of persuasion exert its power? Back as the waves fall from a rocky shore, unmoved as a phalanx before uninjuring charges, will not our words recoil, and their hearts remain uninfluenced? Difficult, certainly, is the task; but some considerations there are which may perhaps affect even these; and above all is the consoling reflection, that what not argument nor appeal can now enforce, time will effect; let those duties be perpetually recorded, and placed before them; those who are hardened in their course, and will listen now to no voice, must either in themselves or their descendants, be forced at last to yield. When the public attention is called to a particular theme, and by the efforts of individuals, it at length becomes part of the morals of a nation, resistance is in vain. Like the wild beasts hunted in the circle of the Asiatic kings, the fiercest and most incorrigible natures must give way before the pressure of the continually encroaching circle of public opinion. They may seek the wildernesses, and the dens, and the fastnesses of their corruption, but in vain they fly for refuge from place to place, from thought to thought; the swelling voice and shout of appro-

bation drives them reluctant into the crowd, where they must yield at last to the one common level and pressure; and if they desire to exist at all, become human with the humane, and by the very contrary, as

"——— the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs the effect of fire;"

though dead to every other influence, fear and shame will compel them to act the part of conscientiousness and duty.

Before we address to those who have the daily care and attendance of animals intrusted to them, such appeals as appear suited to touch their feelings or arrest their attention, it may not be inappropriate to examine the state of opinion prevalent among them and others upon this subject, and to consider by what means a false estimate has been established, concerning the relative situation of men and animals, and which, independently of anger or wanton brutality, has laid a foundation of deliberate error, on which these passions take a stand, and raise their mischievous heads in all their horrid frightfulness.

The fallacy most habitually injurious to the welfare of beasts is that reply so often used, "May I not do as I like with my own?" an appeal which upon any occasion of interference is almost certain to be uttered by the owner of the poor victim. It has its origin in a forgetfulness of the truth, that nothing is our own; that whatever we possess has been intrusted by a Divine Providence, and that it can only be ours, and we can only deserve it, by acting according to the laws of right which have been laid down; but how difficult to enforce this principle to the obstinate mind of him who answers, "I paid my money for it, and it is my own." How hard to arrest the impetuous mortal, and extend his mind to contemplate these wider duties and superior claims, and duly fill him with a sense of that high tenantry he holds from Him, who has declared,

"Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills."

It also appears that even the best and most considerate of this class have a false opinion established in their minds by a very natural, and, con-

sidering the weakness of our nature, a pardonable misinterpretation of that decree where every living creature is made subject to man. By taking this delegated authority in too wide a sense, flattered by our natural desire of power, the divine sanction may even unconsciously, and has undoubtedly often been, made subservient to the defence of our improprieties and misconduct, and by the aid of our natural arrogance has established a very overweening sense of our own importance compared with this tributary part of animated nature. Nothing can be more obvious, and to those who are only a little out of the road, it can only be necessary to call it to their recollection, that this dominion, the effect of our superior intelligence, and therefore power, is not an unbounded and unlicensed dominion, an exception in which he may act unfettered by the laws which bind his conduct in other relations; but that here, as in every case where obedience is commanded and supremacy bestowed, that supremacy must be used only to the point, where it contradicts no other duty, and when he treats these creatures who can call him to no account, who can take no steps to defend themselves from wrong, in any other man-

ner than according to those rules of justice and humanity which regulate his conduct with his fellow men; his intellectual superiority becomes only an eminent degradation, and in proportion as he transcends by power or skill, so morally does he sink the lower when he abuses the brutes that are beneath him; and cowardice, the most contemptible of vices, is added to his crime, because they are incapable of retaliation. In short, the dominion given us by the benevolent Maker of us both, who has implanted in them the capacity of pain, sympathies, and feelings resembling our own, was intended, as before remarked, to be a dominion of justice and mercy, not of tyranny and oppression; we cannot be insensible to their pains without becoming hardened to our human duties, and he who hates and injures them will scarcely "love his neighbour as himself." The habit of doing to others as he would *not* be done by will soon extend from beasts to men.

This is one of the points then in which opinion seems immemorially to have sported in a license which is not its due.

It appears also not unlikely that an undue estimate of our superiority to animals, and of their inferiority to us, has been erroneously strengthened by a hasty and inconsiderate acquaintance with those passages of Scripture where allusion is made to their soulless and ephemeral existence. The wicked are censured for acting as the "brutes that perish," terms which convey infinite reproof on man who, possessing the lights of reason and revelation, permits them to be extinguished by the passions and appetites, shared in common with the animal world, but imply no blame upon the latter, which acts according to the laws impressed upon it with obedience and perfection. To say "you act like a brute," conveys not that a brute acts wrong; the whole force of the censure is derived from our estimate of the height at which our nature is placed above theirs, and the violation of nature that the term implies. But, by a fallacy very easily fallen into, the poor brutes come in for a share of the evil of those terms which are intended solely for our own shame and rebuke. We say in reprobation of a masculine female, she acts like a man; and of an effeminate man, he is like a woman; the best qualities, when misplaced, be-

come things to blame. From the continual reciprocation of feelings, these terms are constantly used among us, and no reflexion fixes on either side. But as the poor animals cannot articulate nor reproach their fellow, should he transgress nature (which he never does) by saying, "you act like a man;" the obloquy has rested entirely on them, and we have gradually flattered ourselves into the notion, that because man acts brutishly sometimes, there is really something brutish (meaning condemnable) in brutes. It will be found difficult, indeed, to use an expression of this kind, without some imputation, however slight, falling upon the innocent object of comparison; and in proportion as the persons among whom it is used are by habit or nature unreflecting, the force of the fallacy increases. But that no imputation is intended by such words of holy writ, is shown most plainly by the innumerable passages where animals are spoken of in their distinctive characters, with a sweetness, a force, a pathos, that hold them as directly to our admiration, as the comparison of the evil qualities of men to their darker, natural, but proper features, imply for us condemnation and blame.

And here we are brought round again in full circle to that which forms the whole burden and chorus of argument and entreaty in favour of the objects for which we plead; the benefit to be derived to human nature by kindness and attention to them, and which must at last reverberate with full force upon the whole circuit of human pain and joy.

The words of inspiration argue for us; the voice of everlasting truth points the way we should pursue. The meekness of the dove, and the innocence of the lamb, are held up as patterns for our imitation and observance. Can we set a better guide before us, a fitter model for our study in the paths of virtue, than those objects which the Divine finger itself has pointed out to our admiration,—those whom the Almighty intelligence has deigned to mark for our distinction, shall we presume to slight? buried in the turmoil of our passions, anxious for the present and the future, how apt are we to be lost in an undue sense of our own importance, forgetting "the things that He has made." But could we do so, if we stopped a moment to reflect, that in the scheme of mercy

which has been laid out for us—upon which all our thoughts verge, turn, and concentrate; in the sacred book of laws and promises, laid down for the amendment of our imperious dispositions, some of those creatures are pointed out with qualities for our imitation? Upon the possession of such a code, upon the pains which infinite Goodness has thus taken with creatures so unworthy as ourselves, does not pride sometimes rise, instead of that humiliation we should feel, that for our bad natures so much is necessary to be done? Turn, then, thou child of pride; the lamb, the dove, are thy superiors! they have uncorrupted, unalterable virtues, which you have been bid to imitate. Regard, then, with tenderness and mercy, the objects honoured by your Creator; remember not only that they are the work of his hand, but that he has deigned to magnify their excellencies with his praise.

Study their natures, cultivate their beauties; it is a Divine command, and by kindness only can this be accomplished.

The meekest, the most amiable, those which are

most often exhibited in Holy Scripture, are those which are most often, may almost every day before our notice, and these, alas! are the most frequent victims of savage usage. Those of a wilder and a fiercer kind, which come more seldom across our path, are also often mentioned with qualities, fit themes for admiration: nor, as we have already said, are their darker qualities mentioned with reprobation, but as affording a picture of acts disgraceful and culpable when seen in man; and in the study of even these a moral may be derived; for in the taming of their wild natures is seen an exemplar of our duty towards our erring brethren, how time, forbearance, and endeavour, will at length crown the efforts of the benevolent with success, affording encouragement and hope to those who lay siege to vice, who cultivate the fields, and sow the seeds of future virtue; that if in beasts, much more in men, the most unmanageable natures may be tamed, and brought at length by perseverance to the paths of regularity and peace.

Aided then by that prepossession in favour of his own importance, so natural to man, either in the mass or the individual, these authorities, by a

mistaken influence, appear to have had an effect contrary to their intention and spirit, and have been the means of sanctioning an indifference to these creatures most ready to flourish in the shade of indolence or selfish quietism. A certain degree of self-absorption is only human; it is a law of our nature, without which all progress must be at an end. Who would struggle or engage his energies in any scheme, were his attention occupied with the true state of existence, with the nothingness of life, the contemptible amount of his utmost efforts, either with regard to space or time, had he for ever on his lips the words of the divine philosopher,

"There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest;"

and reflected that a man, his life, his frame, his whole being and thoughts, are, in proportion to the infinite scale of creation, of no more value nor continuance than one of the ten thousand grains of dust he treads on at every footstep. While here, we must advance, and, in such a state, motive would be annihilated; fictitious importance

leads and gives us existence, and we may be forgiven for having thought of the animal world as less in importance, when compared to us, than it has deserved, when we reflect that some have gone so far in forgetting our nothingness as to fancy the whole heavens but a scene hung out for our use; the stars, those distant worlds, but ornaments contributed to gratify us; and we, the smallest servants, the least among the host, our small planet the almost invisible attendant of the throng, the masters of them all.

The true use of these reflections is to engraft upon our minds a fellowship of humbleness, companions in nothingness, dust beside dust, the fittest competition should be, not who is greatest, but who is least; and looking up in reverence to that Maker, who has deigned to give us, dust although we are, properties superior to the dust we tread on, let us extend our sympathies not only to our own kind, but extend them to all creatures, who are also companions and sharers with us in the mysterious gift of life.

It has been already remarked, that when pressed

upon by pains and physical evils, preoccupied by our own sufferings, an indifference to those of animals might be expected or excused; but when, as now, our energies are uninterruptedly devoted to the improvement of the comfort of our social condition, selfish and unpardonable must be such neglect. The life of the world, of the nations which compose it, and of the individuals of which they are composed again, are all resembling. First, the fantastic wild caprice of infancy and childhood, where pains and pleasures without reflection are intensely mingled; next, the energy of youth and middle manhood, when the soul of nations, as of men, is fullest of greatness in action and in thought; last comes the season of congratulation and repose, when age accumulates wealth, and is complacent in its wisdom. In these "chair days" of the world, if to them we have come, when its timidity and flagging spirit seeks comfort and occupation in luxuries, and refinements, and excessive conveniences, let us preserve the open heart and generous spirit which make age amiable as well as venerable, and divide our comforts with every race of life that passed also with our forefathers through the pangs and buffets of the younger world.

Having pointed out what appear to be the causes of some mistaken opinions which breed a greater indifference to the objects of our essay than is appropriate; let us examine what line of appeal or argument is likely to affect that class who are the practical applicants of torture in whatever rank. And if any views can be discovered or re-stated which are calculated for this effect, if the remarks are not directed exclusively to the level of their feelings, if it is improbable that this work should fall immediately into their hands, let it not be said that such a statement is written in vain. The influence of humanity must proceed at first from a higher class, and the great end of endeavour should be primarily to awaken a livelier sense in its members to the importance of the subject, than at present exists. This essay, particularly addressed to them, if it contains any remarks of force or novelty, will best perform its end by stirring them to activity and exertion; and, once awakened, those hints and arguments here let fall, if useful, will by each in his several circle be applied as necessity and discretion may dictate. Would that we could command precious thoughts, running like molten gold from the refiner's fire, to

warm the cold, and purchase the attention of the obdurate with words of price! However, let public attention be once aroused, some one will rise to do the subject justice.

The first and simplest engine that occurs, is that of a practical appeal to the feelings. We believe, could every act of cruelty be followed by instant retaliation, the amount of pain paid back exactly to the inflictor, and solitary confinement added from the moment, till reflection had done its work, by bringing the matter home thus personally, we should go as far as possible towards fixing a due sense within the mind of its unfeeling conduct. But this is impossible as respects the retaliation, and without very close subsequent reflection, the sneers and upbraidings of bad companions and advisers will prevent the punishment from sinking where it ought. It is only a bird; it is only a brute; how shameful to make a human creature suffer for a brute! Self! still self! still that all-engrossing notion of man's importance prompts the rebellious answer, and the unjust rebuke. The same self-justifying spirit which leads a man to do that to his fellow-man

which would call up his indignation inflicted on himself.

To attack these false notions, and eradicate them from the mind whenever we meet them, is an object of the utmost importance. Hold forth your hand, you poor excuser, does that sharp stroke hurt you? it was only your hand I struck; I did not pierce your eye. If you think you are the eye of the world, the most precious piece of life in organized existence, are you to wound the inferior members of the mass of live creation? The argument is the same, because they do not feel, or that you think they do not feel *so much* as you, *therefore* you may pain them: soothe, then, your smarting fingers with this reflection, that they suffer less acutely than the eye; and until the part you value as most exquisite is touched, never complain.

Of no more value are the prejudices by which the punished bear up against the conviction of their guilt, and those unpunished justify and defend their cruelty. Equally by these means may cruelty be justified to you; there are members of the human race, whose mental organs, those

faculties of which possession draws the line dividing man from beast, are so polished and studiously refined, they leave you almost in a middle scale; because, then, your cheek glows with health, your limbs are strong, your natural powers fixed in the happy medium of a sound body with a quiet mind, enjoying the natural affections in fulness and peace, troubling yourself not much beyond your daily sphere, approaching, therefore, all the best and most desirable features of animal existence, with just so much admixture of humanity as may enlighten, and not disturb your peace; therefore the pale student, whose eye has ranged through worlds of thought which your well-balanced movements never dreamed of—the statesman, whose schemes combine more facts and inferences than ten thousand heads like yours have ever passed before them; the mind, in short, which, driven before the force of intellect may, by the stern necessities of thought implanted there, have worn to a shade the frame of strength that compasses you, and at the cost of knowing not your health and fatness, knows those things you know not, and had better never know. Why should not these, lost in the tempest of intellectual infatuation, consider

you a brute, a lower member, and use you as they will, because, devoid of their more highly pointed sensitiveness, you cannot feel like them? Let them, therefore, invade your happy state, where the body flourishes with the mind, and show their superiority by inflicting pain *only* upon you;—

> "————— necessity,
> The tyrant's plea—"

has not stronger force.

This indeed is the tyrant's plea, which has made stiff the neck of pride; than this very plea, how many tortures and oppressions, how many of the infamies of man against his fellow man have had no better foundation or excuse.

But, replies some poor embarrassed man, you wrong me. This is the picture of a fortunate individual, enjoying, by healthy labour, the comforts of life, and thoughtlessly abusing them. I am not so; I, like many more, am distressed and poor, can you expect my sympathies to creep beyond my bosom, and amid grievous pains of my own, to feel for the pains of animals? If,

beneath this pressure, I bestow kicks and blows more than are enough, does not my fretted temper plead for my excuse? Every Christian compassionates your sufferings, and is ready to make allowance for their sharpness and the weakness of human nature underneath them; but are your pains the less for giving pain to others? pain is like fire; you do not lose by what you impart. And do you think it likely your condition will be improved by contravening the sacred statutes of mercy, and inflicting pain because you are pained? Fear, then, as long as your heart remains rebellious and unsubdued, lest some yet greater calamity may be imposed to pierce its hardness; and believe it is not only in a Divine sense as regards the decrees of providence, that a heart full of mercy and resignation will meet with its reward; but that, in your temporal condition, unirritated feelings, and the conduct springing from them, must make you friends and better your estate; the reverse will make you shunned and hated, lead you from woe to woe, from deep to deeper still.

But let us view your argument in another light. Is your plea just and sincere; while you are harsh

and bitter towards brutes, do you preserve compassion and gentle sympathy towards your own superior kind? Do your children meet a father's care and tenderness, or do they share the blow and the unjust rebuke? and can you clearly recollect that when your sufferings have been less, your kindness towards animals has increased the more?

If so, we can only declare such conduct is quite inconsistent with our experience and observation; we never knew a person who used animals ill when they were poor, that used them well when they were rich; nor did we ever know any one who had towards them the genuine sympathy of a merciful heart whose kindness became extinguished by misfortune; on the contrary, the sympathies have been enlarged, and the feeling of their own sufferings has increased their compassion. When the heart is tuned aright, adversity plays on it the sweetest melodies; its fine edge is only dulled and blunted by misfortune, when it wants the heavenly temper of the "sword of Michael."

It appears, then, that your excuse does not avail you, and that your fault, though under dif-

ferent circumstances, springs from the same source as the fault of the other. He in happiness and comfort is blinded by his ease to their sufferings, (and mark, the same feeling makes some hearts insensible to those of their own kind;) he is his own world; he thinks not of their pains, as if, because he is happy, they cannot feel; you are engrossed with your own sorrows, but the selfish principle is the same in each. He thinks he may inflict pain because they are *less* than he; you, because you are *greater* than they; where is the difference? an undue sense of the worth of your feelings, and of the worthlessness of theirs, occupies the minds of both. True it is, that mind must be very ignorant, and that heart very gross, which, when happy, does not desire to communicate its happiness around it, but, on the contrary, can impart pain even to a brute: but who shall hold the balance, and give you the preference in weighing your faults? who, having pain brought under your notice by your own sufferings, and your attention fixed on it, are still insensible to the pain of another.

We have thus endeavoured to combat the too prevailing prejudice, that there is an injustice

in punishing man for cruelty to brutes simply for the reason, that *he* is a man, and *it* is a brute. This to a cultivated mind must appear so obviously absurd, that time may seem wasted in opposing it; but when it is considered as forming, what it certainly does form, the ground-work of a great mass of cruelty, and a principal cause that prevents punishment for cruelty from having its due effect, it assumes an aspect of more importance. It is very plainly a question of the deficiency of religious knowledge and principle, and the same pride which makes a man *assume* a tyrannical superiority over animals will lead him to act a similar part towards his fellow-men; it is only a question of degree. Did he always bear in mind that compared with omnipotent power his greatness is but the struggle of the blade of grass above the pebble, he would hardly be betrayed into such overweening follies.

You, then, who have the care of horses, dogs, and cattle, in short, of any animal, reflect before you give a cruel and unnecessary blow—how would you like that blow inflicted on yourself? and we trust we have shown you that the answer usually

returned, "Not at all; I am not a brute," is no answer at all, having no other foundation except that might is right, and may be used with equal justice by the strong man when he strikes the weak; would justify the rich in oppressing the poor; the cultivated and refined to trample on the uneducated and the dull; and in short, is a plea for every abuse of power above an inferior, and it is the very reason, that if influenced by justice, generosity, and noble sentiment, would force you to refrain; that you are indeed superior, let your conduct prove.

Let the honest English maxim, "never to strike a man when he is down," keep its place within your hearts; look upon a brute as compared to you, as always "down," and claiming, therefore, the protection of your manliness and generosity; for you hold it cowardly to attack those who are unable to defend.

Impress, then, upon your hearts, that this answer, "it is but a brute," means this, "it is a creature that cannot injure me in return." It cannot return your blow; it has no kindred to call

you to account; it has no voice with a plaintive moving tale, to raise the passions of its kind against you; you will (at least in this world) hear no more of it; it has no tongue to speak; no hand to write, no malice to devise revenge; like the poor Lavinia, maimed as it were by nature, its pains and sorrows buried for ever within its own bosom, must smother its poor heart, unless, like her misfortunes, accident reveal their author.

Before we condescend on each variety of cruelty, and show its individual heinousness, let us address to you some remarks in your character of parents, or relatives, and endeavour to convince you that towards animals it is your interest to be kind; that of the cruelty which you practise or neglect to check, or encourage by your example, yourself, in the end, may become the victim. And first listen to the judgment of the Tartar king, a prince of that nation, among whom, barbarous as they appear, travellers from our most polished courts have seen, or fancy that they see, the germ and the original of that sense of chivalrous honour, that high sentiment and politeness which has distinguished the character of the modern world.

When the vast empire raised by Gengis, and which reached the highest splendour under Kublai Khan, had, under less energetic successors, dissolved into separate subordinate principalities, an ancient sovereign, finding himself worn with years, and unfitted longer for the toils of empire, determined to resign his crown. Keeping his counsel within his own breast, he called his three sons. Of the character of the elder two he doubted, but desirous not only certainty to himself, but a strong, indisputable reason for decision towards them, he addressed his children thus: "Sons, I am old; my days are numbered, and I feel scarcely able longer to support the cares of state; the few years that remain to me I wish to pass in peace, and see my people settled prosperously under my successor. On that successor I have not yet determined, nor if I shall divide the empire between you. In a year I shall decide; meanwhile, travel through districts of the kingdom that I shall appoint; parts which you have not yet visited; familiarize yourselves with their customs and their laws, and return at the conclusion of the year." Saying this he ordered his officers to deliver to the eldest a favourite steed; his eyes like lamps of fire, his

mane and crest flowing like the waves of the foaming ocean; his fiery paces like the flash of lightning. To the second he gave a favourite goat, whose intelligence and attachment exceeded all that a slight experience and cultivation of animals can imagine. To the third he gave no costlier present than a little dove, of a breed famed for its tenderness and beauty, but as yet untutored and unattached: "Let these, O children, be the companions of your travel; well you know how much I value them; gifts I would only part with to my child."

The old man's year flew quickly past; time has nothing to confer on age; impatience only waits on expectation, and long, much longer, without a doubt, the interval appeared to his sons. On the appointed day the eldest first appeared before the wicker car, which forms the palace of these kings. His steed, worn, panting, and exhausted, every limb quivering with excessive agony, docile as he was noble, kneeling according to his custom, placed his rider on the earth, but rose himself no more. That eye, which shone so brightly but a year before, now blood-shot, gleamed a pale and

melancholy fire; he turned an upward glance towards the old king, his former master, as if he took a last farewell, where sorrow seemed to mingle with reproach and pride; reproach, or rather, perhaps, an inquiry, why had he been treated thus; pride, that he had done his duty to the limit of his life; the eye turned yet further, and he rolled upon the plain.

"What is this, my son?" severely spoke the father; and, as the prince enlarged with eagerness upon the distance he had rode, the deserts, day by day, he had crossed, the surprising speed with which he reached his home, afar off appeared the retinue of his second son, who, unaccompanied by his goat, drew near. "Son, where is thy companion?" "Father," he replied, "in the desert we were hungry, and had no meat; we killed the goat, and, when we had feasted, we made his skin into a vessel to carry wine." A tear was seen to trickle down the old man's cheek and hoary beard, but he said nothing, for the tents of his third son appeared. A messenger in haste approached, saying, "Master, your son is sick; a fever has laid him on his bed, but thus he bids me say to you,

that he feels no pain except he is unable to approach his father and his lord." The king went in silence to the moving dwelling of his son, followed by the other two, and with them he entered into the tent: there sat the gentle dove with eyelids drooping like the clouds of morning; he now perched upon the hand of the sick prince, who, pale and languid, lay extended on his pallet; it would gaze into his eyes as with anxious fond inquiry, then would flutter round the chamber, restless and alarmed: presently, resting on his spear, as if it waited till he should rise and handle it; waiting still in vain, it would seek his couch again, hop on the hand, the arm, the head, the shoulder; approach softly to the lips and cheek, and by every action display anxiety and desire to remove the harm; at length, as if a last resource, flew to the very seed that formed its food, and lifting up the grains, dropped them by one and one upon his master's hand. Then, anxiously, it waited for the effect; and though with a kind deceit, the prince, as if to satisfy it, placed some seeds within his lips, yet seeming to read in his still pale countenance and languid eyes no change, that sickness sat there still, he would again renew his round,

and seem to seek assistance from the attendants, or the father, who stood at the tent's door. The old king melted into tears, and sending for the nobles and chief men of his court, he ranged them round him, and thus addressed them:—

"Sons, I have tried you, and my decision is made. Unhappy men!" turning to the elder brethren, "how have you treated the presents that your father gave! think you that he who treats beasts thus is fit to reign over men? beasts never inflame the passions nor irritate the pride: how then will you behave to men who strive with and provoke you? As you, the eldest, have ridden that noble steed, careless, but of your pleasure and command, so, lashed beneath your tyrannous desires, might I expect my people to lie, and no more compassion would you feel for them. And you, the second, whose hard heart not all the graces and the wisdom of that surprising goat could soften and attach; he whom the Christian priest, who past this court to China, believed a spirit possessed,* not of the condemned, but one of the

* In the darker ages of Europe, the sagacity or attachment of

middle demons whose sins would be at length forgiven; even as you slew him, and filled his skin with wine, so would you fleece my subjects, and rob them of life's dearest charms, to gratify the companions of your frolic or debauch. He who could not admire the virtues of that goat, no virtue will ever touch in man. Shall I commit the happiness of millions unto men like you? The father's pride, the mother's fondness, the intimacies of every state of life, how would you treat these if they crossed your wants or will? My youngest son, who at his little gift has felt no scorn: woe is me, that my fond goat and noble steed were given to other hands! They could not love their father who loved not them. What would be the security of my age, resigned to hearts like yours? He shall be my heir and king. He who can subdue, and thus attach the dumb unthinking animal, is fittest to rule with justice and with mercy, to hear with patience, and decide with truth."

animals not only laid them open to the suspicion of diabolic agency, but they have been formally arraigned with their masters for sorcery, undergone with them a judicial trial, and shared in their tortures and condemnation.—Vide Note A.

Would that such sentiments ruled paramount in a Christian land! prince over a race of barbarians, who, erewhile brought fire and sword to the gates of Christendom, and thundered there so loud that all hearts trembled; let us learn from his example maxims of justice, gentleness, and peace.

We might proceed to enlarge and exemplify the theme; his judgment might stand as a text for our contemplation; we might descend from the fountain-head of humanity to examine along every winding stream of life, how, from the prince to the peasant, like a thread of fine gold, mercifulness mingles in the whole web of human existence. First, let us summon to our bar the aged man, whose brow is wrinkled and whose hair is grey: whether want or toil makes his time wretched, or whether rich he sleeps on an uneasy couch of gold; let us ask him whence that air of sadness that reigns so paramount upon his brow, what disappointment or what sorrow is so sharp, that it pinches more than poverty, or pierces even through the proud walls of wealth. The poor man complains, that his own son, whom he nursed an infant in his arms, over whose growth he watched, whom he

taught his own trade, whose youth and health and success were his pride, deserts him now. He whose happiness was his whole life, now cares not for his father's pain.

Enjoying health from his parent's care, skill from his instruction, he is buried in his own self, and deigns not to cast a look upon the source from whence he sprung. Having laboured for his son, the father now must labour for himself the more, when age and its infirmity make the toil greater, and the profit less. Old man! in those bright days were you humane? or was your kindness to your son but a better kind of selfishness? did you soften his young heart by pointing out the loveliness, the tenderness of the animal world? did you teach him it was wrong to injure even a fly? or did you stand and look on when quadrupeds or birds have been the victims of his sport, and feel that nothing should be crossed that furnished an amusement for your son? Hearts there may be, that a father's lesson will not touch; native stubbornness no pains or culture can expel; but depend on this, no child whose attention has been fixed in infancy on the better qualities of living

things, who has been taught to cultivate them, to watch the growth and development of them under kindness and attention, and by consequence prevented from checking, thwarting, and injuring them at every turn, never will the heart trained thus to mild and peaceful contemplation, disregard the cry of nature speaking with a father's voice. Nurtured to such fineness in the study and love of nature, the perception cannot be deaf or blind to duties so imperative and clear. When your son was using wantonly some poor beast to please himself, regardless of any thing *it* might feel, little did you reflect, by your permission, that a habit was allowed to grow, which now full ripe, teaches him likewise to please himself by paining you, regardless of what *you* feel. In morals as in truth, the first and nicest points are of the highest value; suffer a little falsehood, soon the whole mass of truth becomes corrupt; suffer a little cruelty, the encroachment spreads on, and it is by no way so effectual, as by fixing the attention on the value of the smallest particles, that the mind is trained to compute the immense importance of the whole. The old adage, "If the pence be cared for, the pounds will care for themselves," is true here.

As he who is careless of small sums will scarcely accumulate wealth, so should we be misers in our dread of cruelty; and by teaching our offspring the value of the smallest items of benevolence, we may best expect to rear a vast and noble stock of tenderness and compassion. "Trifles," in the words of the great Florentine, "make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

Your aged partner, too, tears trickle from her eyes, she shares your griefs, and feels how hard it is to be despised; perhaps she shared the weakness of your happier hours. "To amuse the child" who knows what animal was brought home, poor slave of kicks and blows, increased the more if pain begot resentment, or desire to escape: long before had it been torn to pieces, limb pulled from limb and tossed in fragments, like some other toy, only that nature builds her workmanship more firm than man. Alas, they would say, that we are gifted with that enduring power; endurance of life coupled to pain, weak as man's trinkets that cannot feel, destruction long ere this had brought our misery to an end.

Think then of the beauties of gentleness; like the precious dew of Hermon blessing and blest, soothing as sweet music to the irritated soul, grateful as the odour of fresh flowers, like the fertilizing rain of spring watering where it falls, seed that shall return a hundred fold.

Let the experience of the old, reflecting on what they have omitted to do, be shown in a confession of their fault, which let them sedulously repair, by inculcating their folly and its fruits to the generations round them, so the mercy they forgot to show, and which they have therefore lost on earth, may be restored to them in heaven.

And you, parents, who are yet young, thankful for the blessings that you have, or hope you may receive, and who would have your children "like olive branches round about your table," be mindful of the dumb, the silent, poor petitioner, who cannot ask but with his eyes, who can articulate no complaint. Teach your offspring to live with them in harmony and love; break not the smallest link of the perfect chain of life; be mindful, of (what man should ever bear in mind,) the

perfect state before the fall, when knowledge of evil destroyed our faith, taught beasts to fear us, and without a doubt, shut out a thousand innocent enjoyments in companionship with those to whom evil is not known, and closed the modest voice of Nature, disdainful or afraid to speak before the sons of Sin and Shame. They indeed have shared in the punishment, though not in the crime; their state was injured by our folly; through human fault, as our great poet writes:—

> "discord first,
> Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational
> Death introduced through fierce antipathy;
> Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl.
>
> Down from a hill, the beast that reigns in woods,
> First hunter then, pursued"———

Think, then, if we thus have introduced misery and discord among them, what a debt we owe instead of harshness, and which not all the kindness we can ever lavish upon every race can make amends for, or repay.

Teach your children, therefore, for your own sakes, to be kind to these, if you wish kindness from them in your age. If you suffer them to

misuse these creatures, to slight the Almighty Father through his works, how can you expect they will pay their earthly father the honour that is due? It is not the work of the rough chisel, the rude hewing of the marble that gives the brightness and beauty; to train the mind to a few large points of duty will not perfect the character; the least asperities must be smoothed, the finest particles rubbed down, to make the gloss complete; you will thus fill with Christian gentleness every region of their hearts; then, as a reward for your consideration towards the feelings of others, for your kindness towards those who are likewise parents, and have affections resembling your own, you may hope a blessing on your age, and flatter yourselves that you may see "your sons grow up as the young plants, and your daughters like the polished corners of the temple."

The rich man also feels in age his children's harshness; wealth takes away the particular sting of poverty felt by him we have addressed above; but it is in the heart, and the disappointment of its treasured hopes, that sorrow finds her iron

chain. Neglect, contempt, and disobedience, may pierce the bosom as much or more; what is the advantage of his wealth, if those he would make happy refuse his wishes, slight his views, and make him desire he had nothing to bestow? Has he, too, been humane in all the power over the animal world that money can command; has he set his sons a kind example, or does the poor horse that has given him all his spirit and his best days, housed then with care, and fed with niceness for its *master's* sake; stiff now with work, and age,* drag out a wretched life, starved and abused? sold for a few miserable pounds, he stands exposed to wet, to heat, to cold, and when through pain, his aching limbs refuse their office, increase of agony is given; blows and cruel stripes, until the poor beast with this inflicted torture, surpassing far the first, in desperate forgetfulness moves on. Depend on it, it is a great sin to treat old servants thus. Nothing can be more ungenerous and mean than after a horse has passed its prime in your hands, to permit it, for the sake of the small sum its disposal will

* The ancient Pagans had notions of some refinement on this subject.—Vide Note B.

afford, to pass downward through every succeeding scale of hardship and ill usage. You have for years taken its value from it; must you also in a mercenary shape seize on the small trifle that remains? Is it not a payment measured back in your own coin, when you find your daughters the prey of some seducer, who gathering, as you have done, the vernal bloom and freshness, his will fulfilled, the period of his calculation over, casts them, like your steed away, to descend by steps forlorn each sad declivity of the vale of woe.

We hope, then, these reflections may touch parents in every class who peruse them. May they make the kind more kind, and those who have hitherto acted well from natural goodness of disposition, may it furnish them with an additional motive in their amiable path, sanction and confirm their views, and give them energy and boldness to defend their conduct from sneers and ridicule, and earnestly to make converts in the circle that surrounds them. There are many like weak plants against a wall, which require support, and who will pursue their course with additional vigour

when they find they are sanctioned by principle as well as feeling. And those who have hitherto neglected these good works, may a sense of their imprudence hasten them to repair their fault. If self-interest only and a fear of consequences at first constrain them, we may in time hope they will feel it a pleasure to do justice and love mercy; good deeds will purify the temple, and prepare it for the entrance of a purer and a holier spirit, and at all events society, in the better education of their offspring, will benefit by the change.

There are adventitious aids also that might be called in to fix the attention of youth upon the prevention of cruelty. What an interesting feature, in the transactions of this Society would it not form, if for some of its numerous purposes of charity, a juvenile subscription should be raised? How touching to see a fund available for the relief of the aged, or the defence of all, contributed entirely by those of tender years; and how useful would it be in calling the young mind to dwell upon the subject? An indiscreet display of names, to unformed minds a hurtful ostentation, would not be necessary. For the young con-

tributors to see the amount swelling before their exertions, would sufficiently gratify a little innocent vanity or pride; the pleasure of assisting so good a cause would be implanted early in their minds; would grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength; so soon initiated in the delight of doing well, what a glorious increase might we not anticipate with the increase of years!

We have only noticed the advantage arising in the affinity of parent and of child; but those parents must be hardened indeed who should be sensible to no other influence than that of personal interest. They have a duty to perform as well to society as themselves, and there is no relation of life in which such an education in the finer lessons of humanity will not have a grateful and civilizing effect. To dwell upon all these and follow them through the ramifications of conduct is unnecessary; suffice it to say, that the habit of checking our will, and regarding the feelings of the least creatures we come in contact with, must eventually pervade every situation of our life, and render us considerate, forbearing, and charitable.

We have already dwelt at some length upon the lessons to be derived by an attention to the native inherent qualities of brutes; and is it possible for any person to reflect upon the different grades existing in society, upon the artificial rules of behaviour, upon the codes of politeness, the inculcation of which, or the boasting of them, or the assiduous care in practising them, has been the pride or the occupation of thousands, without feeling a deep sense of humiliation? Look at the native dignity of any animal, and ask where are its rules of etiquette, where is its school of manners, where the uneasy vanity, busy for ever in the inquiry, how did so and so behave, what is the most approved manner of my behaviour? Where are their dancing-masters, their posture-masters, where the host, whose living is earned by removing or concealing defects which would make, or which we fancy would make, each other intolerable? Conscious of our imperfections, feeling every hour that the original mould of nature has in us been injured, and anxiously busy to relieve ourselves from that fall, we feel a pride in our arts instead of shame that we require them. See yon cat; with what a grave, inquiring

eye it views the antics of that professor of calisthenics; see how it walks with a stately uneasy step around the room, examining his pupils, its old playmates, as if it wondered what had befallen them; see at every attempt to imitate the master's movements, what a look of dignified surprise, like the Athenian artisans, it seems to express, "How art thou changed!" at length she turns her head as if from trifles beneath her notice, and sitting contemplative on the table seems wise as a philosopher, or wiser as being more silent. The professor, with one of science's most perfect bows, departs; then, as if in mockery of the whole scene, behold the callisthenics of nature; every surface in the room,

> "each jutty, frieze, buttress,
> And coigne of 'vantage"

is touched by those elastic fairy feet; every shape that fancy can devise, each limb seems capable to execute; every graceful movement the mind can conceive in quick succession flies before you; no leg stuck up at right angles whirls round another stuck upon the ground, showing as it were man's fixedness in folly; now terror, now anger it enacts

from the scenes of its imagination, now more fantastic from wild grandeur, it inspires mirth; no grinning and contortion of countenance, no stiff laborious buffoonery, but light and elegant displays of unexpected oddness, at which, while smiling, you also wonder and admire.

There are men who make it the whole study of their lives, how to walk with graceful composure and dignity, how to move about with pleasing vagaries for their own or others' amusement, and yet with all their study can they perform so ably as an uninstructed cat?

Let these arts flourish; let every thing be cultivated that tends to improve man either in the mind or body, but let us look with due respect upon the proficients in the art we care to learn; let us learn of them with due humility, and by studying the grace of animals, shall improve, not only the body but the mind. We shall see neither vanity, nor pride, nor the desire of triumph influence them; we shall see no bitter passions of envy called forth by superior proficiency. We shall see, so long as we do not

interfere to mar their grace, a calm dignity and singleness of purpose, a beauty, the gift of nature, undestroyed by evil passions, uncorrupted, undefiled. In every action is stamped their guileless motives; their chief difference from us will appear the absence of our defects. Like the Indian princes, dragged in the base triumph of their Christian conquerors, (*Christian,*

"name,
O sacred name of faithfulness profaned;")

they are the captives of our will, our wants, our avarice; no better right have we above them than the right of might; as the simple nobleness of these wild savages was called stupidity, as their calm indifference to the inventions of civilized life was called pride, and their aversion to the persons and lessons of those who injured them, perverseness and obduracy: so do we seem to despise animals for the want of arts, without which we should be worse than they; for ignorance of discontent, which ought rather to be imitated; and lastly, when every thing is done to inspire fear and aversion, we hunt and abuse them, because they shun us, and are wild.

Does not such conduct vitiate us, assist in forming a false standard in humanity also, as to the things we should admire or reject? We spurn that unpretending, silent career which, were our hearts duly impressed with Christian virtues, would be admired and not contemned; the love of things, not for their value, but for their effects,—which leads us thus to overlook the beauties of the natural world, teaches us to love pomps and vanities and artificial splendours; teaches us to run after others for their name, their reputation, or even their vices; makes the world that scene of giddy folly which it presents; makes the meek, the humble, the contented man to be despised as a poor submissive creature; thinks every thing worthless that does not minister to our passions; the only use of true virtue to afford vanity something to depreciate:—

"By merit raised to that bad eminence"

those things which call down most applause, most notice, most flattery—are enthroned in the highest place of our affections, neglecting the works of the Creator, because in these we must admire God, and find no opportunity for self-worship:

well, indeed, was it remarked by the noble President of our Association, that the attention to the wants and sufferings of these neglected children of creation, "is the brightest triumph which the beneficial influence of our faith has as yet obtained over the natural selfishness of man."

While we pride ourselves, then, upon our polish and our breeding, if we desire these things for their own intrinsic goodness, and not for the praise, the respect or the convenience they may obtain, let us preserve them upon all occasions, and show them also towards those who cannot call us to account if we violate them. If we feel a true admiration for these points of propriety in behaviour, let us show it by behaving considerately to those who are the only uninjured models left of natural propriety. Is the shadow better than the substance? all the artificial rules of politeness are only intended to lead us to do that, which, if perfect, the heart of nature would lead us to do without rule. Whoever heard of a vulgar ox, an ungenteel animal? they are neither vicious, nor vulgar, nor impolite; these terms are not used to them; they would neither

be elevated nor depreciated by them; nature is all in all to them, and gentility is but the name of a poor substitute for the full and perfect character of nature, from which we are degenerated. How admirably, then, do we show our proficiency in these arts of refinement which we pride ourselves upon, by offending those who are indeed our masters, because they have nothing to learn. Proud, as it were, of the bandage applied to our sores, we brandish the limb in contempt of those who have no wound.

Indeed, the conduct of some towards them, seems as if influenced by jealousy. How often do we hear, "Brutes! they do nothing but eat, and drink, and sleep." Does not this seem to indicate in the declarer a feeling of envy of that quiet lot, where restless wishes, and unsatisfied desire disturbs not their repose? It is the brute's nature to eat, drink, and sleep; why should man despise it for its nature, because it possesses not the painful qualities of his own intellectual existence?

This train of reflection will appear to some quaint and fanciful, and perhaps inapt, but we

think, if they can only banish from their minds a little prejudice, and view the subject calmly, they will be disposed to grant that it contains more truth, and is more reasonable and just, than at first they may have conceived, or were willing to allow. Let them with an open, dispassionate mind compare the busy, restless, headlong gait of the mass of the world that has not been improved by art, with the quiet, graceful native demeanour of any animal. Compare a crowded street; each individual panting and striving to outdo his fellow, looking as if they struggled to hold their self-importance fast, lest they should lose one atom of the rare and precious commodity; a spirit of repulsion and contest, the ruling feature of the mass: compare this, we say, with a troop of oxen grazing in a meadow. Behold the noble placid sedateness, the firm elastic step, void of timidity or fear, with which they crop their sustenance, all seeming to breathe a spirit of peace and harmony with nature around them, and with nature's God. Should we not sink into the earth with humility and self-abasement, did we not recollect that as perfect once we were as they, and shall be so again, when all our faults

are over; when the fruits of time, full ripe, are reaped in the great harvest of eternity.

The heart, indeed, must be strangely tuned that is not filled with awe at ill-treating such creatures as these. What know we of their ultimate destiny? we have a superiority over them, that is, they are committed to our care and use; but how know we, by abusing that superiority, what terrible judgments we may be gathering against ourselves? they are unoffending; remember, our trespasses against them will not be forgiven, as we forgive their trespasses against us; *they have no trespasses against us;* they are innocent and pure, and have no fault by which the balance may be struck, fault weighed with fault, in opposite scales, forgiving and forgiven. As God's judgments are peculiarly pronounced against those who offend the blameless, the void of offence, is it not greatly to be feared, that in injuring animals who have that quality, we may expect in some degree to share the punishment denounced against the persecutors of the saints? This, at least, is certain; the same impious arrogance, the same disregard of the Almighty dictates, the same furious will,

influence the heart in both. Because man is destined to a future immortality, to a state of glorious blessedness, is he to suppose that all other creatures are made in vain? there may be mysteries we dream not of yet unrevealed. What! shall he pronounce, because there is a scheme for him, there is nothing else but what he knows. If they are "the brutes that perish;" if, compared with us and our immortal souls, they "perish;" let us not be too arrogant, let us not misinterpret what it is not necessary we should know; and if tempted to decide in favour of their nothingness and blank fate;* let us reflect on what *has* been revealed; and remember that, in the most solemn book of our great missal of eternity, in the middle of its most awful and prophetic scenes, these words are written for us to read:—

"And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I, saying, Blessing and honour, and glory and power,

* Dr. Adam Clarke, to name no other author, has, in his Commentary on chap. viii. of the Epistle to the Romans, some singular positions in favour of their future existence.—Vide Note C.

be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever!"

What a mighty engine in this cause might not the Church be made! * If every year, in every consecrated place, the duty of kindness, and the sin of cruelty to animals were enforced, how would the whole soul of the nation become familiarised in time to sentiments hitherto of unusual mercy! And this glorious reflection would console and encourage each endeavour, that the virtue so inculcated would prove the parent of other virtues; which, borne along in tributary streams, shall flow increasing as a mighty river, till all are mingled in that great sea of perfectness and peace, when—

"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

"And the cow and the bear shall feed;

* We desire to make every acknowledgment to those divines who have already enforced this duty.

their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

"And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den.

"They shall not HURT nor destroy in all my holy mountain: *for* the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

We have dwelt upon the movements and the expression of animals rather than on the form, the colour, and the outward beauty, because an admiration of the latter may be joined with cruelty; but the former can only be observed and appreciated by means of patience and harmless contemplation. The pompous torturer who, under the solemn garb of science, impales the glittering insect, that its plumage may be preserved with greater brightness, is doubtless enamoured of its form and beauty; but what a miserable fruit of selfishness does that admiration bring forth in his mind! he loves it not for its Creator, but for himself: the gay sunshine

of its brief and happy existence he is contented to destroy; the wondrous mechanism of life he stops with unthinking hand; and, careless of its joy or pain, he throws away the fruit and kernel of its glory, and places in his poor, frigid cabinet, the husk and empty shell. This is only selfishness, larded under a fine name, and attended with an illusory parade of classification and arrangement. Solomon, we are told, knew every creature, animate and inanimate, down to the hyssop on the wall; but it is doubtful if he had a cabinet of pinned beetles, and studied the dead corpse of nature in his own systems. The epicure, for whose palate the poor calf bleeds through a lingering, pitiable death,* is also enamoured of the whiteness and the beauty of the meat; his friends praise his table, as the others praise the cabinet: the only difference is, that one avows a selfish pleasure, the other lays pretence to an elevated motive; and, inasmuch as truth is better than falsehood, so is he that acts under a mask worse than the other. For whether he imposes on himself or not by the name of science, (which we believe many do,) it is certain nothing but selfish

* See Part II.

gratification is at the bottom; and we do most cordially affirm, we consider that man who coolly can thrust with pleasure a pin into the bowels of a fly, can have no bowels of his own. He who eats must have these at least, and some hope remains they may be melted to compassion; but when cruelty gets into the head, it is, we fear, much harder, though quite as necessary, to dislodge it, as from the stomach or the heart.

We will not therefore expatiate upon the painted butterfly, the peacock's radiant plumes, the glossy fur which has its greatest richness when the animal is skinned alive, and all the outward glories of nature's changing and yet perpetual museum, luring too often the poor possessor to destruction, for vice mingles, or may mingle, with the study. Not but these beauties speak in visions of most touching brightness the praise of their Creator, if so we would submit ourselves and listen to their voice; but in regarding them, this, unfortunately, has been too much forgotten; and fixing attention on those things which can be put into a box, to take them out again when we wish to show our skill in putting them there, or our love of science

in possessing them, we turn away from or destroy, that which would speak not ours but their Maker's praise; the spirit of life which we cannot imitate or preserve, the skill, the knowledge, the instinct that the smallest movements of the smallest insects indicate. To look at these affords no food for pride. When man's work begins, that of the Almighty ends. The latter leads to love and humility, the other too often to cruelty and conceit.

It is also a feature worthy of remark, that all interference with the natural graces of animals, injures their beauty and spoils their perfect shape and appearance. It is not necessary that cruelty and persecution should be used; the most innocent training for our wants or our amusement, interferes with their true grandeur. Look at the stiff, unceasing trot of the horse, when urged forward by a rider; compare this with the elastic step and burst of energy of a young colt, starting at its own life, and prancing round a meadow: look at the flowing measure of that gallop, increasing to a climax; then the sudden reining up of nature; the wild and animated turn of the head and neck when wheeling round; the fiery look of liberty,

and the noble stand. Few have seen what all might wish to see, a company of wild horses scouring through forest and over plain; rock, river, hill, affording no impediment to their course; moving where or how they will in all the glowing perfectness of freedom. Contrast these with a troop of the finest racers on the finest race-course in the world; look at the stiff, stretched necks reaching all towards the same goal; the monotonous unvaried speed, kept from the starts, the stops, the varieties of nature, by that glittering pasteboard-looking figure on its back, holding a straight black stimulating instrument in his hand. What can we say? that man, not contented with being foolish himself, must reduce even animals to the standard of his folly.

What a touching picture do these lines of our eternal poet present not only of those outward characteristics we have here laboured to express, but of the sensitiveness of the hidden soul that glimmers from within, and which it is our especial object to make all men mark and learn.

"but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

" If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any note of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand;
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music."

Even his great genius could have scarcely written so finely and so engagingly on the constraint, the confinement, the panting jaded exhaustion of a race-course. The grandest action of the best trained animal in the world, however we may admire it, is inferior to the action of nature.

Is it not enough, then, for their convenience and amusement, that we deteriorate these noble creatures, and bring them underneath a slavish yoke, but for the sacrifice we compel them to make we must recompense them with unkindness and cruelty? Cruelty and harshness, indeed, are necessary to force them from the channel of nature to gain them to a compliance with our wishes; and contract their noble freedom to our narrow occasions. It may well be said, that the punishments which are used to train us in a proper path, are used to constrain them out of theirs. The noblest animals and the faithfullest, those in which

nature has displayed the greatest force of admirable character, are the horse and the dog, on which a training is inflicted of the greatest pain.

This alone is matter of regret sufficient for the reflective mind; how wretched and ungenerous it then appears to ill-treat these noble slaves! Let us reflect upon the original elevation of the creature that has become our servant, and is led like the strong Samson to grind our bread, or make us merriment; we would soothe the lot of his captivity; a noble master would treat with tenderness a noble slave whom fate had thrown beneath his hands: such are the dictates of generosity and justice.

It is not alone by denunciations against cruelty that we can most hope to better the condition of the lower world. If we can raise the standard of their estimation, and place them more nearly on a level with ourselves, we may then hope they will share more of our consideration and regard. This is best performed by holding out the prominent beauties of their character to universal attention notice attracted, the study will soon

lead on by its fascination; study will lead to admiration, and admiration to love. Then shall the holy work be found complete; for who will injure what he loves? Love will unlock the treasures of our kindness and close for ever the gates of cruelty; Love and pity will be joined; pity that they endure any evils by the fault of our original sin, remembering that we debased them then, and depreciate them always by our rule; we will strive to make the labour easy and the burden light, which fate, necessity, and time compel us to impose. It is a duty of love, not only towards them, but towards their Creator; and we cannot otherwise show our sense of the blessings He has conferred by permitting their use and bestowing a dominion over them.

Taking a truly philosophical and contemplative view of our conduct towards the different members of the creation,—abstracting ourselves from habit and the force of custom,—in what a strange and singular light should we appear? how many things are there that we should condemn, perhaps,

"More in sorrow than in anger;"

because we should feel that equally with the in-

jury inflicted on them was the degradation suffered by ourselves. How many actions are there which habit tells us it is impossible to refrain from, that would be found on considerate reflection quite inconsistent with true propriety and dignified behaviour?

Regard the custom of hunting either the fox, the hare, or the deer. The origin of hunting was in necessity; it was one of the early modes of obtaining requisite sustenance, and though compared with the tiller of the earth, and the herdsman, the craft of the mighty hunter Nimrod appears to have been looked upon with little holy favour; yet when it was necessary to obtain the means of life, or to defend us from the attacks of ravenous animals, it had a ground of justification and excuse. The custom thus originated has been handed down to us when the necessity has ceased. The deer is hunted for pure amusement, and when it has undergone the terror of the chase is carted home, that like the Stamford Bull it may be turned out again (if not the same) another day. There is a celebrated rustic pastime, which consists in tying a kettle to a dog's tail;

that is a very spirited amusement; the noise and buffets of the pan alarm the creature and make it run; what power it indicates to inspire a dog with fear! what wit must be displayed to raise the bystanders to such a pitch of mirth! It is a species of unusual drama in which the genius of the inventor is below the talent of the actor. Man has a reasoning soul, looking before and after, in virtue of which supremacy he acts well to scare the dog who when he should look after runs before. But this amusement is vulgar and clownish, and the expense so trifling any tinker can enjoy it; indeed, the kettle makes it a tinker's privilege. Dogs too are so used to men, it takes some trouble to frighten them; but a stately timid deer, whose apprehensive eye shows fire at once with fear, whose glance beams forth a proud and sensitive soul—this is a delightful object to terrify! how noble do his hunters appear! what an important business they are employed in! Like wily politicians, they give him a pretended liberty, that they may hunt him down: what an enlightened, elevated, reflective occupation! The clanking of the dog's torment is a very base unmusical sound; but hark to the melodious pack! like an echo of

sweet thunder when Jove sings instead of growls. See how they strain; they do not touch the animal; it is only if he slacks his pace, that he will be reached, not by an ignoble pan, but a noble band of hounds of the choicest breed, will plunge their foaming fangs in his sleek haunches; what an honour! this is something indeed to run for! And see the band behind; the foaming horses and their gallant riders, the ardour that flashes from each eye, the excitement, the perfect joy in every countenance. Happy deer that in your honour can raise up so much

"pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

Monarchs, statesmen, soldiers, lawgivers, divines, met thus together to do you honour, and run you down; how proud and grateful should you feel to have so many lofty friends behind you, to be backed so gloriously!

"Call you this backing your friends?
A plague on such backing."

Think you what a mass of wealth is sweeping after you through the field,—among the horses, the horsemen, and the hounds, how many thousands have been expended for your sake—the

king, master, and leader of the throng! Poor trembling animal, gladly such an empire would you resign; truly some "have greatness thrust upon them." This, indeed, is thrust unwillingly on you, an honour better spared; well may you, the kingly stag, the monarch of the herd, look at the sheep, the oxen, the goats, the lambs, that you pass by, and cry with Bolingbroke,

> "O happy low, lie down;
> Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

It is no sport to me, although to them; they, doubtless, understand the pleasure of the chase, which is not level to my poor capacity; they are intellectual creatures; they have comprehensive souls far above mine. The light which these afford no doubt enables them to perceive a pleasure in persecuting a timid harmless animal. Uncultivated creature! I look for the delight but in vain; would they would instruct me; give me knowledge and power, that I might take a pleasure in hunting them.

"Oh," says some advocate of the chase, "any

thing may be made absurd; the paneolated dog is a very poor amusement, not to be compared to this; besides, it is unnatural; this you see is an enjoyment of nature; it is the nature of dogs to chase deer." So is it the nature of lions to hunt men; and when the custom of the country sanctioned it—when daily habit gave it force, the noble and enlightened men of Rome thought of it no harm; they flocked together in amphitheatres, splendidly erected, for the show; they exulted in the spirit-stirring pastime, and, as you spend your wealth on dogs or deer, they lavished theirs upon wild beasts and men.

Yet these were heathens, while we flourish under the title of Christianity.

A similar scene is presented by a fox chase, not quite so cruel we suppose; because nature has made the fox a thief and cunning, and having given him a strong scent to destroy the effect of his cunning, doubtless intended he should be hunted. Indeed, considering all this, perhaps he likes it, or, at least, feels he is merely treated as he deserves. Well, there is the same burst of

joy and merriment; hounds, men, horses straining every nerve. Suppose, at the moment, a creature to descend among us, sublimed from all the prejudices of this earth, who had only been informed that he was visiting a race of beings, distinguished for benevolence, capacity, and refinement, the proper exercise of which serves to lead them to a state of infinitely greater elevation, how anxious would he feel to know the origin of all this turmoil? What was the great object they had in view? Was this the mode in which they coursed to heaven, as he had been told that state of superior blessedness was called? He of course could think no less when he saw such earnestness and energy expended on every hand. What would be his astonishment, if a small animal with a long tail were pointed out to him brushing away the dew at an amazing pace,—would it be possible to explain to him, or make him understand, the nature, end, and pleasure of the occupation,—what induced these elevated creatures to employ themselves about a thing so mean,—would he not be totally at a loss? If they had serving men in the planet whence he came, and had seen a score of these with brooms and staves, hunting a poor

little mouse, or a stray cat, he would think no better of you. Without the help of some such knowledge, your meaning he never could understand.

As men's greatness depends upon the importance of the objects they pursue, how great must be the fox; or his pursuers, how small!

"But," say its defenders, "there is danger in the chase, it fosters a manly courage. What excitement, what vigour in the exercise! our horses enjoy it as much as the fox? no, as ourselves. The dogs, to be sure, have to be flogged to break them into it; indeed, they have been known to die with torture under the lash; but they must be taught; and when they have learned, how beautifully a good dog hunts!" Courage, excitement, vigour, exercise, we will say nothing of the flogging, are all good things, without a doubt. There is a town in this country where it has been a practice, time immemorial, to hunt, not a fox, but a bull. *There* is courage, *there* is exercise and excitement; inasmuch as a bull is larger and more terrible than a fox: so should all these qualities shoot

out and flourish the more; and if a good hound hunts well, so does a good bull-dog likewise plant his tusks in the bleeding features of the bull.

Are we not sure that those who have been brought up to this practice, think it as innocent as any sportsman can do the chase? and habit may inure to any cruelty. What said a respectable female inhabitant of the town, when placing her female relatives and guests in good positions for the show? "We shall have a good day, they have a fine *livesome* creature." Could she have spoken more tenderly of her own child? habit and idolatry led mothers as gladly and as willingly to offer their babies to the fiery arms of Moloch. Habit, and devotion to our own will and pleasure, which is idolatry, may lead us likewise, Christians as we are, with a cheerful heart and joyous countenance, into other cruelty and sin.

We need say little of the fearful hare; it has its cares, whether harassed by the harriers, or panting for a mile from the certain death of the fleet greyhound; those jaws of long taper mischief

soon gripe its tender flanks—it shrieks—quivers and expires.*

These are sports which *yet* there can be no hope we shall put an end to ; but it is something done to consider them in a just and dispassionate light. As to their effects in cultivating and refining the manners, in promoting temperance and other virtues, as we cannot now ask the opinion of St. Hubert, we must remain content with our own experience and the information of our friends.

Many excellent men take delight in angling; it is a calm, contemplative, reflective occupation ; habit here, as elsewhere, has deadened the pain, if we believe its bravest champions, not only in the man, but in the worm. Pleasantry is dangerous on a serious theme ; while we smile, the creature writhes in the contortions of agony, not mirth ; and the light and easy jest, like oil upon the sea, glides calmly over the horrors of the depths of cruelty, and bears us satisfactorily along ; under

* If the above remarks are thought severe, see extract from Sir Thomas More, Note (D.)

retaliation, the angler would soon cease to smile. To use the words of a noble poet, if

> "in his gullet
> He had a hook, with a small trout to pull it,"

he would find angling a pleasant matter; let giants fish down from the upper air, and catch us in the jaws, and thread our infants and our pets, or, rather, as we are neither cannibals nor Chinese, some brawn, or forced liver, or whipped sucking-pig, upon their hooks to bait us, so long as we continued our sporting in the waters, we should soon cease if that alone would terminate their sporting in the air. All these are trifles; they are not faults of great magnitude; as Mercutio says of his wound, "it is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but it is enough;" so are these enough to spoil the perfection of man's character, placing him in the light of a wanton injurer* and a destroyer of the happiness of created beings, for his own amusement: he is nothing; he is not fixed, he only exists by comparison, and has only a rank in the scale, in which above him

* No blame is, of course, intended upon those whose fishing forms their maintenance.

towards infinity, how many more degrees are there than below him to the fish or worm?

In an essay on cruelty, every species of action that can be denominated under that head must be pointed out, for each little cruelty supports the next, and affords a defence to some selfish advocate, until one above the other the greater ones are defended too. But the gross ones have been attacked, and the little, those dwelling under the sanction of refinement, must also in time give way. And though it is no reason we should not compel the cessation of cruelties that we can reach, because there are others perhaps equally great, we are not yet able to put down; yet this view affords our enemies a perverted method of defence, which may impose upon some not too unfettered understandings. But what an argument would it be considered, to say a detected housebreaker should not be punished because there were other felons who escaped detection or defied punishment? The rational friends of humanity desire, above all things, that cruelty should be put down, not by *law*, but by the influence of *example*. How

much more cheerfully would the poor man abandon his amusement or his faults, if he saw his rich superior lead the way, and pointed, not by precept, but by deed, the course that he should follow! There would then be less complaint of favour shown to beast, and injustice towards man; a fallacious and unreasonable complaint, it is true, but one which has even possessed the administrators of the law.

Let it not be thought, by an elevation of the animal world, that we derogate from the rights of man; that in pointing out the perfections of animals, we overlook the virtues and destinies of ourselves. But it is a sad and undeniable truth, that those virtues and those destinies are clouded by vices which these inferiors do not possess, and though it is sometimes thought that he who flatters most has the best feelings towards man, that he who speaks of his dignity and talent, of the honour and nobleness of our nature, appreciates it duly; they who think so, must forget the lessons of their creed. The faults of men are not to be passed over or concealed, but brought forward for correction; he is the true friend of

the species, who paints them in their clearest and most hideous deformity; he shows the evil, and may expect its cure. There is now, and always has been, a class of men who think they look upon the favourable side of things: for the honour of their nature, they cannot believe this, or they cannot believe the other; they delude themselves, when nothing is too bad for man to do, that it is possible for him to conceive or execute: this we all know, if we will look at history, or at the events which daily pass before us; and because we stand on this as the foundation, we are not the less able to appreciate deeds of virtue and benevolence; we value them the more because we know the ground from which they spring, the corruption of the soil; these fruits are ten times more precious and more valuable in our eyes, than in those who think that man is virtuous by nature, and that all is peace. If we point out the virtues of animals, and the faults of men, that is not misanthropy, although it has been foolishly too often called so; it hurts the pride of some whose shoe pinches, and they stigmatise it by that name; and the greatest prose writer that this country, or the world, perhaps, has ever

produced, has received the greatest obloquy from these self-styled lovers of mankind,—who love their faults too well to bear that they should be exposed,—for a work which, if we acted up to the principles it instils, shunned what it makes hideous, followed what it approves, would make the whole earth a garden of the sweetest flowers of Truth, and Hope, and Charity.

Because we love brutes, we hate not men; those qualities of gentleness and true nature which we admire in these, are infinitely greater ornaments in man; when planted in his heart, they shine there like a bright star, to which the others are but the twinkling meteors of the night. Grief and sorrow over man's faults make us hold forth the dismal picture, sad as the rags of poverty: let him see their hideousness with unsealed eyes, he will turn away and sin no more. What, then, so fit to show their foulness, and make it plain by contrast, as the unsullied qualities that exist in brutes, descended from their first creation? creatures which, though superior in this, his pride and wickedness have nurtured to crush, to injure, and despise.

Let us, then, transplant from their native soil all their best qualities by imitation; let us nourish them by kindness, that they improve to yield us bright examples; these wild flowers, transferred into the garden of humanity, will bloom and double in all the luxuriant variety of cultivation. Bright in them, they will become us much more, and shine in us far better and brighter. Good qualities in animals are attractive and delightful, but in man they tower upwards like a column of celestial light, shedding warmth, and radiance, and joy, as it ascends to heaven.

High let him raise the brutes; he rises with them; and while possessing the glorious privilege of a promised immortality, he need not fear they will trench upon his rights and grounds; but recollect, that high as he pretends to be, more infinite his destiny, far as he is thus raised above these animals, to that depth, when ill treating them, does he fall in infamy and shame.

How sweetly have our poets written upon kindness to animals! how averse is the poetic spirit to those wanton acts of power which regard beauty

only as an object for the exercise of the will! What can be more inhuman, more baneful in its effects on the rising generation, than permitting nests to be robbed of their precious deposit of eggs or young? Can any act be named which strikes more directly at the root of every feeling domestic virtue encourages?

> "The hawthorn I will pull with its locks of silver gray,
> Where it stands like an aged man at the break of day,
> But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take away."

So sings the most intense of our immortal poets: and what can be more peaceful and soothing than this sentiment, more rude and rapine-like than its violation? Parents should reflect what actions are committed by the depredator of these feathered innocents, and think what seed may be thereby sown of future crime. He is a house-breaker, for he breaks into the house of the poor bird, and carries terror and devastation before him; he is a thief, for he takes the treasure of another; an oppressor, for he uses his might against the defenceless; covetous and unjust as the rich man, whom Nathan held up to David for his self-condemnation, for abounding in every

thing, he takes the poor bird's little all; he is a seducer, for he invades the hope of the domestic hearth, a hearth, warmed not by fire, but by the bosom of maternal love, and steals the tender offspring that is her pride.

Is not this a fearful catalogue of crimes in miniature? what may we not expect from them, magnified by the lens of maturity and manhood? acts early learned to be practised in a larger sphere. And, on the contrary, by an opposite conduct, what lessons may be acquired in those years, when yet there is a hand above to guide and to restrain us; how much may be practically taught from these examples, of that which is the foundation of all morality, the submission of the will to the happiness of others!

What a picture of happiness is presented by their innocent loves—what skill in the construction of their nests—what faithfulness, assiduity and care, in the breeding and bringing up their young—what devoted affection towards them in danger! How must the pointing out of these things soften the young heart, and elevate the understanding

with matter for reflection; what a debasing and different spirit must arise from violating all these charities; destroying the tenement no human hand can build, rendering useless their affection, blasting its fruit, robbing the specked and variegated eggs, painted with nature's matchless workmanship—for what end? to pierce the life that is within them, scatter it wasted on the ground, and string the empty shell, not for the Creator's honour, but the destroyer's pride. Each addition a stimulus to additional cruelty. Some will think this is saying much upon a trifle; but those who know the force of early impressions, the value of hair-breadths in refinement, we believe, will look on these remarks as valuing something more. No apology can be needed to them; they, on the contrary, are always eager, anxiously waiting for every opportunity, however small, of nipping the buds of vice, and modulating the unformed notes of virtue. In the words of the last giant of our literature, "Nothing is too little for so little a creature as man; it is by studying little things that we increase our happiness, and diminish the amount of our misery:" and is not happiness coincident with benevolence, and misery

with vice; it is by studying little things, that we shall train to the one, and deter from the other.

In the above general remarks, we have endeavoured to point out the importance, in a religious and moral view, of kindness towards the animal creation, and the advantages which may be derived from cultivating it, towards bettering, not that alone, but man's estate; and, on the reverse, the baneful effects towards himself which cruelty may entail; its great use, as an engine in education, to rear a generation kinder, not only toward animals, but to ourselves. Having pointed out some of the reasons which often appear, from want of reflection, to lead those into cruelty, who would otherwise be desirous not to offend, we have concluded by some general remarks on habits, which custom renders so much a matter of course, that in the practice of them their cruelty is quite forgotten, but are yet of such importance, that hitherto they have formed a sort of standard, below which benevolence has not been permitted to descend. We have shown that habit only sanctions them, and habit has also sanctioned other cruelties, at the practice of

which now the breast of the sportsman would heave with indignation, or his lip quiver with horror.

We say, they have formed a standard for the extension of benevolence, because their existence formed a principal argument to the opponents of the first bill for the relief of animals in 1809. They said, "it is not just that we should prevent the weary labourer from striking unnecessarily his horse in a moment of anger, (forgetting that the horse was weary too,) when he may read in the daily papers of such a chase, where there was excellent sport, and so many horses died of the fatigue, such a dog was flogged to death for chasing other game; the wiles, the doubles, the refuges of some poor hare, &c." These things formed the standard; because they were done, no cruelty whatever was to be restrained or interfered with; horses were to be allowed in the fury of hunger, in the knacker's yard,* to gnaw each others' flesh from

* To those unacquainted with the horrors of the Metropolis, and their gradual amelioration, this will appear an extravagant fiction. But it is dreadfully true—true to an extent, and under circumstances too shocking to relate here.

mere agony of starvation. Coachmen in the streets were not to be deterred from bruising and maiming their cattle, because the awkward sportsman, on the first of September, might inflict much more pain. These arguments (for the others were more obviously frivolous, such as, that bull-baiting amused the bull) overthrew the first efforts of humanity, and checked its progress for many years. Is not this enough, even if the acts were less cruel than they really are, to make the friends of humanity look with a suspicious eye upon practices which have furnished their opponents such weapons of defence ?

PART THE SECOND.

THE STATE OF SOME ANIMALS MORE PARTICULARLY CONSIDERED.

SECOND PART.

"I would not enter on my list of friends
. . . . . that man
Who needlessly set foot upon a worm."—*Cowper.*

We now proceed to notice acts of cruelty towards particular creatures, many of which have been brought within the censure of the law, but which it is infinitely more desirable that men should be persuaded out of than punished for. As first in the rank of those surrounding us in a domestic capacity, let us examine the condition of the horse. Noble creature! does it not appear impossible, when we contemplate its nobleness and its usefulness, that those whom it benefits can be so mean and so ungrateful as to abuse it?

Let any driver, who sits upon his box and

holds his reins as a matter of course, and flogs his horses as if they were machines, furnished with motion by mechanical appliance, be taught to reflect on what he is performing. Would he not look with wonder and admiration? Let him consider the strength, the natural wildness, the generous ardour of the creature that he drives, and then reflect upon the docility planted there, like modesty in a noble soul; and how all that greatness and native strength are subdued to his own ends; how that meek creature, so "compact of fire," turns at his bidding, like a little child: instead of priding himself on the mastery he has obtained above it, would he not regard with astonishment the work of *his* Maker and *his* Master, who has planted in the same heart so much power and so much gentleness—"a giant's strength," but not the will "to use it as a giant."

What then is the history of this powerful and sensitive creature in every varied species and occupation, from the sleek-groomed hunter in his box to the poor tenant of the slaughterer's yard, where, at length, after many fruitless but undiscouraged efforts, he is now furnished with other

food than the ordure and the flesh of his dead and expiring companions?

Dying in the agonies of suffocating exhaustion from the hunt, the steeple-chase, or trotting-match, or, perhaps, worse fate, confined with the sprained or weakened limb, which, to renew its vigour for fresh heart-breaking exertions, must endure the excruciating torture of the firing-iron.* This is a too frequent chapter in the noble hunter's life in his best days. Take the carriage-horse, in the freshness of his youth, when he is best fed and best cared for, sometimes starved by an unprincipled coachman, always exposed to his temper and caprice,† when passion dare go no farther in the stable-yard, receiving in the stall

* The process of firing, now, is not that superficial excoriation which it once was; this operation has been *improved;* wounds so atrociously deep are inflicted, that months are demanded for their cure.

† The present construction of coach-houses affords the awkward or ill-tempered coachman a sad opportunity for ill-usage. It seems a point of honour to make the horses back the carriage in, even at a great deal of extra trouble. Why might it not be returned, as taken out, by the hand?

the bitter remnant of his wrath, treated as he pleases when out of his master's sight, no power of telling the ill-usage, except that apprehensive rearing of the head at his attendant's approach, which every master of a horse should look for with sedulous care. This is the brightest chapter of the coach-horse's life, omitting the school days of his training. And we wish their ill-usage was confined to servants and grooms; there are gentlemen, in proportion few, but there are those whose temper and conduct render them unfit to be intrusted with the treatment of the most insignificant being (if any be so) bearing life, and on whom the reprobation and remonstrances of their companions are unable to effect any reform.

Then the poor post-horse, most wretched of all, serving two masters; the first who owns, the next who hires; nay, a third, in him who rides it. If the cattle are fatigued with previous work, the post-master dare not refuse them to his customer, who demands four horses to fly from somewhere where he has done nothing, to somewhere where he will do nothing still; nothing so restless as

idleness; or what pace so great as his who struggles to escape himself? The first master takes them from their rest; the second, in its place, bestows additional labour; and the third, the postillion, is threatened, if he does not complete the distance within a given time, his remuneration shall be deficient. Each then has his separate demand upon the blood and sinews of the poor animal. Two coin his life into gold; the third, the busy idler, into the wages of cruelty and wanton sin. The latter, however, gives credit on his account, forgetting the last settling day, when he also, unwilling claimant, shall receive without demand the awful payment of his debt. Learn from the pulpit what are the rewards of mercy and loving-kindness, and what will be your reward who forfeit these, and not only sin yourself, but are the cause that others sin.

And here we would address a few words briefly, and seriously, to the female portion of the community. It is in your hands to diminish or increase the amount of cruelty; you ought to be the true and original fountain of mercy and gentleness among men; and were you ever true to the title of

your sex, one half of the sufferings of animals would be at an end. If *you* can take the hook of torture, or assist to chase the timid hare, what must we not expect that men shall do? But, above all, and most particularly, the welfare of the horse may be considered as confided to your will.

> "Oh,
> If in your bosom any pity dwell,
> Or soft compassion,"

never forget that which is the honour and the distinction of your sex; without which your souls appear weak without beauty, harsh without vigour. Let dove-eyed Mercy shade for ever your lineaments with her wings, and nurse her tender offspring in your hearts. Let her gentle hand be ever ready to stay the hurry of impetuous man.

Too often, alas! the horse's speed is urged; its weary limbs excited by the lash, only to please you. Rare (we hope) exceptions to the duties of your nature; resolve to cease this cruel influence. Man would ever yield, did you perform those duties for which you are designed. All feel a scorn of cruel coldness inhabiting a woman's form,

whether expressed or not; nor, it is certain, does any thing breed more aversion in our sex than a hardness of heart in yours to the sufferings of animated nature. When horses are fatigued, or overloaded, how offensive to hear from a *woman's* lips this answer meet an expression of regret, "Oh, they are used to it;"* or to see, when climbing a steep hill, the pace increased which you have the power to check. Exert that influence which is your ornament, and its absence your disgrace: by all the ties of nature, by every link that binds you, strive in every bosom to enthrone the grace of mercy.

Of the horses who use their strength for the profit of their owner, none perhaps fare so well as those in the more respectable stage coaches, who are regularly driven, cared for and fed, under the very eye of the master. This is so long as the demon of rivalry keeps off the road, that much vaunted public competition which, whatever its

* The tracts of the Society take a very proper notice of the cruelties practised at watering-places; scenes exhibiting, in the highest pitch, the selfishness of man amid the sufferings of the innocent world.

effects on man, on the beasts at least, renders them competitors for misery, and barters every drop of life for a grain of gold. Then when opposition infuriates the owners, what a scene! Nor can we be surprised, when men blindly and violently seek to ruin one another, that they are indifferent to that ruin of duties and regards which the sacrifice of these creatures must involve.

> " men only disagree
> Of creatures rational.
> " And God proclaiming peace,
> Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife,
> Amongst themselves, and levy cruel wars,
> Wasting the earth, each other to destroy."

Whether the strife of two coach-owners, or of two monarchs, the principle is the same; the poor unoffending animal is drawn in for his share of pain, and must take an unwilling portion in the " wreck of nations and the fall of thrones."

In domestic rivalry or public strife, he is man's companion, tool, and victim, an object of passion or excited revenge; he mixes in the reciprocation of injuries; he shares in the rage of war. Does not Warwick cry—

" The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed,
But match to match I have encountered him,
And made a prey for carrion kites, and crows,
E'en of the bonny beast he loved so well."

So does he bear not only the burden of labour, but the heavy weight of our contests and wrongs. Through all time he has been laden with our calamities, but now drains the bitterest and severest cup. "The unthinking war-horse that rushes into the battle," receives his death as he has sought it, filled with glorious energy. But that partnership of tormenting spirits, the demons of avarice and cruelty, Mammon and Moloch, who now are leagued against him, wear out his spirit by degrees of pain, and kill by inches.—

"He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."—

In the full excitement of his faculties, which makes him dread no noise, nor the most accomplished scenes of terror, his spirit bears him to his end; he is felled in the glory of his strength, and suffers a little while his death-wound's agony, but

now a lingering space of pain and irremediable toil conduct him slowly to his end.

The next step in the painful descent brings us to the short stage and omnibus* horses, whose mode of existence is too well-known to those residing in the Metropolis to need any remark. "The rats leave a falling house;" it would be well for the horses if (hardly worked at the best of times) they could leave a falling concern; but they are at the mercy of the prudence or character of the masters, or of the wealth and viciousness of the opposition, which seeks to ruin the effects of that character and prudence.

The gift of life, which an Infinite Benevolence has granted, is passed to the pocket of the owner, who feels no more gratitude, nor gives them any other reward for exhausted years, than transferring them for half-a-dozen pounds, at most, to the dustman, the costermonger, and the poorer hackney-coachmen, who, so long as the silver cord remains unloosed, and the golden bowl unbro-

* These machines, the invention of latter days, must excite astonishment in those who have never before seen two horses drag, at a rapid speed, a weight of sometimes two tons or more.

ken, translates their pains to money, and distils his happiness from their woe.

He enters at last the knacker's yard, there he meets the hunter, the racer, the post-horse, and the carriage-hack.

It is true these dens of horror* (called appropriately the horse's "last home") have been shorn of half their terrors; but when we look forth upon the face of nature, and see that beautiful world which has been created, the evidence and the receptacle of life;—birds flying between earth and heaven, the breezes carrying freshness to the air; the ebbing floods, the verdant pastures, the foaming rills; creatures existing upon every hand, animate or inanimate, all bearing some impress of life, of purpose and of joy;—and then turn to recollect what those who have seen, never shall forget; the abode, the last receptacle which man had formed for the decaying hours of one of those noble species which ornament that world; the tortures and starvation inflicted upon those whose life already had become a burden, who,

* See Note E.

in the state of nature, had plucked a mouthful of green grass to the last moment, and lain down in some solitary glen to die in peace.—When we reflect upon all this, and consider that these pest-houses of hideous torture were not only constructed and maintained by man, the noblest of those creatures made to inhabit the universe; but that their existence, and the torments they inclosed, were upheld by men polished in all refinement of the civilised world; who took their share of every blessing the Almighty had bestowed, not in the body alone, but in the intellectual mind: does not the blood run chill with fear at the incomprehensible delusion which can fill the heart of man?

So ends their health, their beauty, and their pride—an image of our common fate, wherein the high, the low, the humble, and the proud, all lay aside their trappings and the harness of their rank, and marks of their first condition; mingled together in one common mass of nakedness and death.

Here, also, driven down the bleak hill of misery, arrive the heavier draught horses. They have, perhaps, at first, a better life. There is no

demand upon their speed; there is less to irritate the tempers of their drivers; and unless in the hands of some unusual savage, their situation is more easy: *That is, so long as they are in their prime;* but afterwards, the same unfeeling conduct too often is pursued with them. When their decaying strength renders them unfit to perform the required labour, and the rising bone diminishes their beauty, the calculation is made, those horses are no longer profitable; and after years of faithful service, instead of being killed at least, a comparative mercy, they are sold, with no apparent motive but the contemptible price of their deteriorated value.

Too many of the wretched animals that we see, mere skin stretched tightly over a mass of rugged bone, dragging dust and rubbish carts, or trotting in apparent agony, with a full water-cart, have been furnished from such a source, and have left the wealthy brewer's or warehouseman's stables, to pass, if not at once, by very quick degrees, into the tormentor's hands; after having transferred vast sums, and gone through their full service of just labour in the possession of their first owner.

That slow and cold-blooded cruelty which wears the animal day by day to the utmost, as a machine, solely under the calculation of avarice, while it is a process that laws cannot reach, is, at the same time, unfortunately the possessor of those hearts which it is most difficult to move by argument or appeal. You cannot paint to them the field of nature with its beauties and excellences; they know not how to admire these, they only know their abuse. How can we plead before such judges the cause of the unthinking, improvident animal, that neither saves nor sums, nor buys nor sells, but consumes alone in unaccumulating brutishness.

The passionate man you may make ashamed, the thoughtless you may arrest, the indifferent you may compel to feel; but of all hearts, that of which the love of money has taken possession, is the most stony and inaccessible. Nothing so completely blinds the mind to all other considerations as its cool, yet never contented calculations. It deludes the accumulator of thousands to believe that he is on the brink of poverty and wretchedness; he feels poor, because his beloved figures show him possi-

bilities far beyond what he has obtained. His soul becomes like the daughter of the horse-leech, crying, Give, give,—he imagines that to receive is to exist; and that the loss of a penny is the loss of all.

It is very generally thought in those who overwork their horses, that folly equals cruelty. This is sometimes true—and that reckless spirit which can induce a man to sacrifice himself with every interest that should be dear, will lead him also to make an ostentatious sacrifice of a horse's power, and destroy it to please his pride, his whim, or his extravagance. But the class we have just named have a bitterer wisdom, and derive from their cruelty a pitiful, remorseless gain.

They extort excessive labour from a horse upon such a calculation as the following. Two horses with good treatment would last eight years; but there is not adequate employment for these two. A single horse, therefore, is tasked with all the labour, and the fierce toil killing it perhaps at the end of five years, another purchased lasts five more. A portion of capital is thus retained five

years, and ten years' work is performed for the same purchase money as eight had been. The feeding of one horse through the whole period is saved, and the only loss to be set against this is, the probable difference between the value of the carcasses thus killed, and the price the living horses might have obtained at the eighth year.

Such cruelty will not be pardoned. It cannot escape the eye of Him who "feeds the young ravens," and "gives the wild asses drink;" without whose notice "not a sparrow falls." "The beasts of the field cry unto him and he heareth them," and their wrongs will be recorded to your condemnation, though you may not have raised the widow's and the orphan's cry.

But this is impossible; he who is so cold in his affections, that he can coin the life-blood of an animal to his own profit, will not feel them glow on the approach of man: he will equally, when occasion offers, mulct him, by slow penury of his life, and use his capital, or his influence, or his power of making laws, to extract his gain from human pain and loss with equal want of feeling,

will oppress the needy, and grind the faces of the poor. No more can we thrust forth our hand without our arm, than be cruel to animals without sin and cruelty to mankind accompanying it.

Would that all who complain of the ingratitude of man, and are strict in reckoning up their obligations, would think as largely of the debt of gratitude due to animals for their service. If gratitude be a virtue—and who will dare to speak against the holy claims of just and genuine gratitude ?—what room for practising that virtue is there here? If the beauty and the honour of gratefulness be to spring spontaneously towards the benefactor, if it be truly precious when given unasked and unexpected; if it should rise upward, as the lark rises to the sun, with a voice of thanksgiving, unsought, unwished, unlooked for, how liberally should we bestow it here !

To those who labour for us perpetually, who confer on us the cream and marrow and fatness of their life, what recompence is due. They are not subjected to our necessities, they need not toil, they need not spin; it is not necessary for

them to labour or to die; they crop the pastures of the green and everlasting hills; they wander from valley to valley, every stream affords them drink, every footstep nourishment; nature has clothed them; this is the original and the perfect state of their existence, from which they neither need to sink nor rise. We, the poor forked, naked animal, avail ourselves of their strength to carry our burdens; we invade their natural freedom, and make them acquainted with toil and sorrow, not for their sakes but our own; their freedom, their vigour, their majesty, is tamed to our subservience and use. May we not ask the proud usurper man—usurper when he tyrannizes with forbidden and unholy claims,

"Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?"

Alas! how is this creature raised so high brought low by our harshness and artifice; ground to the earth with patient labour, poor harassed drudge of all our wants, what a different picture does he now present? every noble part and quality moulded, guided, trained to an exact subservience with our wishes; pared, decked,

trimmed,* in every fantastic shape of cruelty. We have clothed his neck with meek submission, and every badge of slavery; we have taken from his strength for every purpose and by every means that the heart of man can devise. The whole frame of civilised society may be said to hang upon his exertions; and do we owe him no debt of gratitude? Dull is the spirit, cold the imagination, dead the heart, that cannot recognise his claims, that cannot burn with admiration at his first nature, and gaze with sad regret upon the condition to which that nature has been brought.

Are there any, then, who will sneer at these remarks, as the effusions of a capricious enthusiasm? There is always to be found abundance of the cold and sceptical, ready to view all warmth of sentiment and earnestness of expression as matter for scorn, or censure, or reproof. These may drop the chill rain drops of self-pleased sufficiency, and subsmiling, scoff at the earnestness which seeks to impress an air of grandeur upon a theme they think so

* The nick-tail, the cock-tail, the dock-tail, are now out of fashion—will fashion renew them?

small, and clothe with a borrowed robe of majesty matter trivial and mean. Let them smile their comfortless and watery smile; every thing to them is trivial and mean except the treasure of their better wisdom. A stone is better than they, for it cannot mock nor take offence, nor offend. For ten such sneerers, we are fain to believe, a hundred hearts will echo the sentiments contained above, and beat responsive to the claims of that animal so noble, yet so ignobly used.

Would it better serve the cause, fain would we reason dispassionately in the cool lines of argument and lay down justice grain by grain at the feet of mercy; but such thoughts which rise amid the world's ways to animals, and make the judgment hesitate betwixt strict reasoning and warm appeal, vanish in the closet. No sooner do we take the pen and turn the eye upon that scene of perfect qualities, than we feel convinced to alter that state of things the world presents, nothing can be so effectual as to paint that other state the imagination sees—so different and so fair,—and heighten it with every glowing colour the heart and fancy can supply.

We linger long upon this generous animal, and leave him reluctantly. Noble and meek, but spirited nature! who can say how much he suffers through the whole thraldom of his bondage? what throbs, what pangs, what passionate rising in the throat of grief, of indignation, and despair? Because in words he cannot express these pains, shall we say, he does not feel them? may not rather, the incapacity of utterance give suffering direr pangs? Restraint affects our nature thus, may it not theirs? Because he endures in silence and in patience, and does not fly out in obdurate and savage revenges, must we think he is indifferent? Some have been known to be revengeful,* and to hunt their injuring master with the utmost pertinacity of hatred: must we think that these have differed from their kind in the capacity of feeling and remembering pain? is it not more reasonable to say

* Some years since there was a singular account in an Irish paper, (we think the *Cork Advertiser*,) of a horse chasing for some miles its master and another person who had ill-used it, and they escaped at length with great difficulty into a cottage, which the horse still endeavoured to force; nor could these persons afterwards ever dare to approach the animal.

that others feel as much as they did? the only difference is the absence of a spirit of revenge.

The most necessary pain we should inflict with caution, because we know not how much we inflict, how much it may sink in the spirit as well as pain the skin. We know our pains; we express them to one another; can compare their effects and feel for one another by sympathy. We may well ask forgiveness when we injure the dumb world, for, in the impressive language of the King of mercy, "we know not what we do." It is very commonly assumed that we may inflict pain on them because they feel less than we do. It is easy for ignorance to assume, we will assume much more. The horse possesses vital powers greater than we possess. We may speculate, then, as reasonably that it has greater power, that is, susceptibility of pain. There is a better ground for this assumption than for the other; with all the strength that nature has gifted him, yet his age is but the fourth part the age of man; he wears out four times as fast; the access of vitality may therefore be supposed four times as great; and that mysterious property of deterioration which no sustenance or treatment can repair;

that exhausting infliction which matter suffers from the continued vital energy, may be supposed reasonably, in this animal, to be the more intense, as it does its work in a shorter time; the pain therefore, and the pleasure of the creature, four times greater than ours, since sensation is worn out four times as soon.

This, it is true, is speculation; not a certain physiologic fact; but is any thing more reasonable advanced on the other side? and while it takes the part of mercy, it has the advantage to be disembarrassed with that prejudice of superiority, which really originates the opposite opinion. Nothing is known of that mysterious arrangement of matter which gives capacity of pain, infinitely further, then, must we be from deciding what gives that capacity in a different degree.

As respects their bodies, then, we know not how much agony we can inflict: what other sufferings they have, besides the mere twinge of physical torture, we are yet more ignorant; but we have seen, or fancied we have seen, an expression in the eye and countenance of old and hardly-treated

horses which has chilled us with horror and apprehension, curdling the heart's blood within, bespeaking such a dejected depth of melancholy. The quick, varied, restless animation of the human countenance is one thing; the expression of that of the animal is another, but it is fuller, and larger, and as impressive in its kind. It seems as if possessing objects of feeling fewer than the man, all their expression from that singleness was concentrated and confirmed in one. Farewell! to the grandest of personified energies—most admirable, and most abused!

Among the friends of man, his ancient companion and ally, defender, guide, and *slave*, to whom above the dog shall a higher station be assigned? If for corporeal comforts, for the bonds of social intercourse, labours, and mighty wars, and all the traffic of our existence, the horse demands the gratitude of a peculiar service, with the dog the closer ties of life, the intimate unions of our being, are linked in sympathy. From the first glimmering daylight in the early morning, when, through the dews he follows his master, bounding and rejoicing, to the watchful sleep at

evening by the blazing hearth, and the deep hour of midnight, when his watchful voice resounds the recollection of his trust and faithfulness; what moment of our lives can we discover, in which this creature fails to unite with us his feelings, to seek his pleasures in our own; and in perpetual activity stand on the alert to serve us and exhibit his affection? His overflowing heart seems never emptied of the stream of gladness, nor can any ill-usage turn or check the current of his attachment. From the wildest form of barbarism to the most polished state of life, in peopled cities or amid craggy rocks and the desert wilderness, he assumes the habits of his master, pursues his footsteps, attaches himself both to the body and the mind; watches over him, sympathises with him; either in the shepherd's cot or in the battle field, he guards the dying, and will not forsake the dead.

He returns indeed good for evil; when once he owns a master self seems extinguished; nor can any length of time banish the object of regard from his memory. As light darts from an opened chamber, so, after the bitterest usage, the least hint of returning kindness opens at once the door

of his soul for the issue of his restrained feelings. Sullenness, (one of those exclusive qualities it is the privilege of humanity to possess,) has no corner where it can lurk in his bosom, never teaches him to "eat his own heart," and return ill for ill. In short, the catalogue of his service and his good will we might extend indefinitely, and quote to illustrate, from every pen illumining the path of human destiny. From the highest to the lowest, from the page of sacred inspiration, and that sublime and primitive poet who approaches it in simplicity as in age, down to the anecdotes of diurnal literature, where shall we fail to trace some notice of his love or services?

While we admire the energy, the fire and ardour, and stately carriage of the horse, the proud and noble step, that like the nod of Jupiter seems to shake the ground, we must confess the dog assumes the character of a superior creature;*

* Far be it from us to slight the capacity of attachment in the horse. There are few more interesting spectacles presented than the degree of attachment existing in a regiment of cavalry between the soldiers and their horses, when the dispositions of the men

not broken down to do our bidding, an unsolicitous servant and mere object of command; but he is a master over himself, and controls his will. We confide him with an appointed task; he in our absence executes it, assumes responsibility, and fulfils the trust we have reposed in him.

What recompence, then, have we conferred upon this creature, to whose sagacity man has so often been indebted in the hazard of his life for so much security as well as sympathy? Is it fanciful to compare him with those benefactors of the human race, to whom, by time and honourable custom, we are used to show the sentiment of our obligation in heaping honours and rewards, continuing the record of our gratitude upon their descendants and posterity? Is it fanciful, by this comparison, to declare the dog as one possessing on our gratitude an accumulated increasing claim? The first founder of the race, the memory of whose services are lost in the mists of time, is not the only claimant on our regard; but his descendants, through every

incline to cultivate it. From the unfeeling soldier to the humane is seen a complete scale of what man can effect.

generation, have benefited us, and continue to our day the exertions of their excellence.

What a cruel reverse to this picture of our obligations, is displayed by the mode of treatment now adopted towards them! For modern and enlightened times it has been reserved to make this ancient and faithful friend of mortality a slave, a beast of burden. Until lately dogs were used in their natural office, more as a guard than an assistant, in certain small carts or barrows, when the continual absence of the owner in the delivery of goods, made protection necessary. But by gradual steps the abuse has advanced; they are not used now as a guard, or mere assistant, but positively are employed to drag both goods and man together.

The Act for fixing upon the carts which own them, the responsibility of a name and an address, will afford but a trifling relief to this persecution; nor ought we to rest satisfied with any thing but the entire abolition of the practice.

That surveillance of humanity which has dimi-

nished the barbarous treatment of the larger draught animals seems to have driven the unfeeling to a refuge with this creature. Its small value, and the facility in stealing it, have subjected it to cruelties impossible in the larger quadrupeds. It is a shocking fact that quantities of these poor animals are let out to boys, who engage to feed them, at a trifling hire, for any purpose that caprice, or custom, or necessity may avow. Does any need exist for making the dog an animal of draught, or burden? is it one of the necessary demands of our advancing scale? The poor Esquimaux, who has no other creature nor invention to assist him, may be excused their use; but do we wish to vie with savages and barbarians? Dogs were never made for dragging weights; their flexible loins are adapted to no such end; the practice is a cruelty in itself, even were they treated well, and by terminating it, we shall save all the attending cruelties; the pain of witnessing them, the trouble of preventing them, and the painful consciousness that whether witnessed or prevented, they still exist. We can regulate the use of the horse, but the treatment of these creatures cannot be regulated. There is no knowledge, no

study, no experience in the management of them in this condition, where they were never intended to be used, and never will be used by the substantial, the respectable, and those to be confided in.

They will be for the most part in the care of those who cannot be trusted, or in the hands of outcasts, who ought not to be trusted. And is it not better with this animal to strike at once at the root, and stop the system of starvation, torture, and unmerciful exertion, which form such a field of misery, even in the case of those beasts of burden, to which custom has fixed an established right?

These creatures are generally in the hands of those to whom cruelty is a sport, and all the horrors of the abolished dog-pits will form but a trifle to the cruelties which every increasing year will exhibit in our streets. Who can see a lazy, ferocious, human animal, urging with shouts and blows two or three poor skeletons, to drag him and his cart at a preposterous speed, but feels his indignation rise, as well at the law that permits it, as at the man who avails himself of that law? It is difficult to starve and ill-treat horses in a

corner. But a dog can be put any where by any person: ignorance of their treatment, or fear of their loss, will cause no hesitation in procuring so unexpensive an animal; and what is worst of all, there is, as mentioned before, *no way*, as beasts of burden, *of treating them.*

In hot weather you see them panting and suffocated from thirst, to the imminent danger of producing hydrophobia; and their drivers are so unfeeling and so impatient, that it is sometimes only, and then with great difficulty, that if water is sent from your house they are permitted to drink it.

Let us hope, that so far as this unnatural species of cruelty is concerned, the sufferings of the dog may be terminated; and that all friends of humanity and decency, will join heart and hand against it; for they may rest assured, if permitted to continue, we are only seeing the beginning of that cruelty, with which the present is a trifle so small that it will bear no comparison.*

* The reports of the Kensington police-office, September and October, 1838, furnish an alarming picture, calling loudly for legislative interference.

To prevent the idle keeping of dogs by persons who cannot afford to feed them, it has been proposed to impose a considerable tax, which shall be levied, not as at present, nominally, but with strict attention.

The dog has other sufferings; but this subjection to labour, is the prominent grievance that demands attention. For the present we leave him, to meet again, with other sufferers, nailed in heart-rending agonies upon the dissector's table.

To the ass all the remarks that have been made on cruelty will apply; but some peculiar attributes invest his character. As the wisdom of this world is said to be foolishness to God, so this animal appears as a type of that wisdom and that folly. We are accustomed to consider him as an emblem of stupidity. The events recorded of him in Holy Writ exhibit him in a very different light as regarded by his Creator's eye. Consider the singular, and to our proud habits of self-importance, the humiliating narrative of the ass of Balaam:

"Wherefore hast thou smitten thine ass these three times?—Unless she had turned from me, surely now also I had slain thee, and saved her alive."

In these last words we see the ass receive a superior consideration to his master; enough in itself, without argument, to settle the assumed point of our unquestionable superiority; and the whole scene affords an interesting picture, and a striking example of Divine regard for creatures which we dare to treat with arrogant disdain.

The intelligence exhibited by the ass on this occasion, (which if it were a communicated intelligence, yet shows that she was a vessel worthy of the honour,) and the peculiar selection of an ass for the triumphant entry of our Redeemer into Jerusalem—"Tell ye the daughter of Sion, Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, meek and sitting upon an ass and a colt the foal of an ass," with other notices scattered in Holy Writ, give him peculiar claims to our respect, of a very contrary character to his usually despised and persecuted condition.

All the texts which instil the duty of mercy are perhaps too well known to be individually pointed out, yet when we view some of them in connexion, they must remove all doubt, (if any can exist,) but that mercy must be extended to animals, and that without such extension its rewards shall be incomplete; and for none is it more necessary to bring the full weight of religious censure than this persecuted yet inoffensive beast. When we read "that the righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel," Prov. xii. 10, we perceive not only that the wickedness of cruelty to animals is expressed in the plainest manner, but that it is a sin which dwells peculiarly in those hearts which are otherwise wicked. It is plainly inculcated, both that such cruelty is wicked, and that it is the peculiar delight of those who are so, proving the reciprocation of conduct towards beasts and men. It implies likewise that the righteous man is merciful, and that he who is so will be found righteous. When we read again in the same book, Prov. iii. 3, 4, "Let not mercy forsake thee, bind (*it*) about thy neck, write (*it*) upon the table of thy heart: so shalt thou find favour in the sight of God;"

can it be supposed, after reading the first precept, that in the second, mercy to animals is excluded? In the prophet Micah, vi. 8, we read, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Can we, then, do justly, when we oppress animals, which, like the orphan and the widow, are defenceless? Is it to love mercy, to cherish men, yet injure brutes? Mercy cannot mean differently here than it has meant before; and, do we walk humbly with our God, when puffed up with a vainglorious pride, we trample on his creatures that surround us, assuming an injurious superiority which that Creator does not assume?

The line of duty and justice towards those who labour for our profit is pointed with plainness in the command, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out thy corn;" and each by name is commanded to be allowed its rest on the seventh day.*

After all these testimonies of consideration under

* With the infringement of this day of rest, how strong a feature does cruelty to animals present?

the old law, can we assume that under the new revelation of mercy these creatures are not also considered? In that book of which mercy is the peculiar feature, would it not be absurd to suppose its previous limits were narrowed and confined? or to borrow the language of Sir Thomas More, "we cannot imagine that in the new law of mercy, in which God treats us with the tenderness of a father, he has given us a greater licence to cruelty than he did the Jews." In all the following texts, then, the torturer of beasts must take his place beside the torturer of men, and have his part of their promises and denunciations, viz. Matt. v. 7. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Luke vi. 36, "Be you therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful." James ii. 13, "For he shall have judgment without mercy that has shown no mercy." Matt. vii. 2, "For with what measure ye mete, with the same shall it be measured to you again."

It cannot be doubted, then, that the humble, meek and patient ass is entitled to the full measure of our protection and care. To those who use him well, he is capable of great attachment; nor can there

be any doubt, the stupidity which is vulgarly attributed to him is the mere effect of perplexing usage. His feelings are confounded by unmeaning cruelty to an idiotic state; darkened like that poor orphan boy an eminent writer so pathetically paints. We have seen the ass as obedient as the dog. What sprightly creatures the wild asses of the East are, (which may be considered as in their original condition,) every traveller bears witness. He is the poor man's most faithful servant. Sparing in his food, indefatigable in his labour; where can every thing we have urged respecting gratitude apply more strongly than towards him?

These are the three animals which we principally make sharers in the curse of our original sin. "In the sweat of thy face, shalt thou eat thy bread till thou return unto the ground." They are the principal objects of the cruelties of labour and profit, and the chief partakers of the cruelties of anger. There are likewise the cruelties of appetite, the cruelties of mirth, and though last not least, the more soul-sickening cruelties of *science* and *philosophy*. All having their more particular victims devoted to their orgies.

Of the objects of appetite the chief in point of size and number, and in which habitual system of abuse is therefore more important, are the ox and sheep, with their young ones. Of the creatures which have been given man for his sustenance they are his principal dependence.

"Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you, even as the green herb have I given you all things."

But this, which is a free and ample charter, is yet accompanied with a limitation which, it is impossible to doubt, was intended to deter man from conduct which must harden the heart, and degrade those endowments of refined and elevated reflection distinguishing him from the remainder of the animal world. By it a line was drawn between him and those creatures, not intended to advance in a progressive scale, who seize their food under the impulse of momentary desire, and devour it with the life-blood quivering in the veins. Man was to stop and pause, not gratify his appetite unreflectingly; and that act which must daily be repeated for preserving life

was made a plain and obvious mean of checking those impetuous appetites, whose indulgence would cloud the brighter faculties of mind, forming his peculiar capacity—

"But flesh with the blood thereof, which is the life thereof, shall ye not eat."

To inquire in what manner a disobedience of this injunction might act on the body as well as spirit, or all the mysterious purposes which might be frustrated by mixing with the life of man the life-blood of beasts, is here foreign to our purpose. Yet it may be remarked, that an animal fed on living food becomes more ferocious; and it is probable that the human constitution may be similarly affected by such diet. Whatever motives besides the command involves, there can be no doubt this object, which particularly suits our argument, was intended—the forming a continual check and bar upon the sin of cruelty. To eat living meat is so averse to our habits, that we might think the injunction singular, but for the knowledge of its practice by those nations of Abyssinia, of Hebrew origin, in which the customs and the

corruptions of primitive times have been less altered by the arm of conquest than in any part of the known world. These people show that it is a practice which once existed, and also how much ferocious barbarity accompanies it.

If, then, under the ancient forms of the ceremonial law, we are inhibited from devouring meats stained with the blood of life, either because they defile the body or deteriorate the mind; how much more, as Christians, ought we to keep the soul and temple of the living God free from the defilement of meat stained by cruel outrages on the gifts of the Most High; and wanton inventions of gluttony?

But, in addition to the debasing effects which it must have produced on the human mind and body to enjoy the pleasures of appetite in the middle of the agony and horrors of death; to put living flesh into the mouth convulsed with pain, and the "living soul," racked with the apprehension which the prospect of dissolution brings to all flesh; there is no doubt compassion and kindness for the creatures themselves formed a portion of the Divine

order. Are we not then called upon to act on similar motives? and as much nearer as we are to their mortal condition, so ought we to feel intenser sympathy for those which even the Infinite Being has circled with a mandate of defence.

"Open thy mouth for the dumb in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction."

These are appointed to destruction for us. Shall we not plead for those, who bestow upon us, not the labour of their days, but their life itself? who, that we may be gratified, bid farewell to the light of heaven, and are brought down to the darkness of death; who die that we may live, and "give their life for a stranger?"

> "When He who called with thought to birth,
> Yon tented sky, this laughing earth,
> And poured the main engirting all,"

had placed beneath the canopy these creatures to fill the perfect scheme, that their destruction for our support was intended, or that any should prey upon one another, is a point disputed, and by many disbelieved; when the date of our carnivorous

existence commenced, whether on our departure from that fair garden,

> "where the fiend
> Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
> Of living creatures, new to sight and strange;"

or in the later days, when the "windows of heaven were opened, and the fountains of the great deep broken up," we are not certainly told. Bloodshed surely never entered Eden, and in that first morning of the world man's appointed food was "seed" and "fruit," "to you shall it be for meat," and "to every thing wherein there is life I have given every green herb for meat." Nor was it till the sins of men had brought a deluge over the whole earth, and produced such changes as we cannot appreciate, that the second command was given to Noah, "Every living thing that moveth shall be meat for you." It has been supposed that after the flood the produce of the earth's surface underwent important change, nor is the speculation impossible, that, in the first state, matter might have been produced intermediate between the two kingdoms, antediluvial polypi, affording the nourishment of

the animal, but insensate as the vegetable, which subsequently ceased to exist.

When we reflect on the enormous changes which observation teaches have been made, both in the products and the surface of the earth; the elevation and depression of continents; the gradual declension of substances from a gigantic size; the disappearance of the prodigious reeds and reptiles; it is not difficult to imagine such an alteration in the elements of subsistence, and to conceive the latter deluge as the latest apparent step in the successive scale, in which beside the loss of prior products, those remnants preserved in either kingdom underwent a distinct and certain variation in property if not in form.* But whether our use of animal sustenance originated after the fatal stroke of sin, when our appetites corrupted, ceased to feed alone upon

" Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India east or west, or middle shore,
fruit of all kinds,
Heaped with unsparing hand;"

* Vide Note C.

when beasts, involved in the ruin of the mortal family, sharing the degradation of their lord,

> "to graze the herb all leaving,
> Devoured each other;"

and by the flaming sword driven from that gate

> "With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms,"

we found the fruits of Paradise, sufficient for our first support, unrivalled by the produce of the outer and barren region; or whether until the later deterioration of the flood, when "every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground;" the bosom of Earth, the universal mother, yielded food for all her children without "slaughtering to destroy;" and in the first early vigour of the world, in those days when "there were giants upon the earth," ere it became necessary to terminate a scene of gorgeous energies, intolerable when mingled with corruption, a stronger essence of support was contained in the vegetable kingdom than the faded desolate wreck could afterwards supply—we need not decide—at either time the sin of man occasioned the debasing change. And the sense of this should make

us doubly compassionate towards the creatures we are permitted or constrained to sacrifice; amerced in their life blood through our sole folly.

In regarding even the beasts of prey, as the terrible lion, whose roar can shake the desert, it is impossible to disembarrass the imagination of a sense of venerable grandeur, very different from bloodthirsty cruelty; greatness of appetite gives him ferocity, but how much he can be tamed even by degenerate men is known, deprived as he is of that which may have been his original food. He appears to have an aspect of benevolence; he gazes on you as a father on his children, nor can thought picture a nobler companion to man than this creature, placed now at the most ferocious extreme of the scale of repulsion and enmity. At his sight the fancy opens involuntarily a vast scene of past existences; and in spite of all arguments deduced from structure, we never can contemplate this creature's majestic countenance without feeling that it once moved by our side in stately fellowship; and that the purpose and expression of its whole appearance are to do so again.

A tenderness of spirit, a love of purity, a shuddering at destruction, have induced many benevolent hearts to forsake the food of animals entirely; a refinement religious sanction does not confirm: the apostle has declared, "Every creature is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving," anticipating the injunction against divers meats by evil spirits. But it opposes no authority to speculate, that the necessity of eating these things renders the body more distant from the pure incorporeal essence, and makes the shadow stronger which obscures the soul. That they form a food more removed from that angelic nourishment the poet paints where

> "in heaven the trees
> Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
> Yield nectar; where from off the boughs each morn
> We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground
> Covered with pearly grain:"

and that the need to pasture on such gross meats is an evil, which defiles the body, and a cause as well as an effect banishes afar off that

> "time to come, when men
> With angels may participate, and find
> No inconvenient diet, nor too light a fare.
> When from these corporal nutriments, perhaps,
> Our bodies may at last turn all to spirit;"

clouding with darker mortal soil the glimpses of the invisible world, we may believe; yet, though impious and absurd to attempt by abstinence to ameliorate the corrupted taint which has a deeper root, and is ordained a mightier means of cure; ought we not, under considerations of such a nature, to approach these meats with a painful sense of the injurious compulsion, rather than revel in their use with wanton and offensive regardlessness? Shall we "lie upon beds of ivory, and stretch ourselves upon our couches, and eat the lambs out of the flock, and the calves out of the midst of the stall," without reflecting upon the conduct which places them upon our table, and turn a deaf ear to the cry of oppression, and think neither of the ruined state which needs such food; nor whether, in consuming it, we have followed the rules of mercy decreed by Him who hath created them?—a part of his works "that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning, and maketh the day dark with night; that calleth for the waters of the sea and poureth them out upon the face of the earth; the Lord is his name."

The first cruelty which sheep and oxen have to undergo, in their progress to our table, arises from the monstrous absurdity of continuing to force the whole trade of this Metropolis, in the article of meat, into those same limits which sufficed a town one-hundredth part the size. The increase of consumption every year increases the cruelty, and must hasten the cure. Those whom it concerns had better prepare against the rainy day. They have seen greater changes made with less real cause to induce them, and their particular interests will not stand for ever against the health, the safety and comfort of our citizens, even did the still small voice of mercy fail to lend its aid.

This general abuse of cattle does not come distinctly under any of the heads of cruelty named above, it is partly composed of all; and indolence, prejudice, custom, and interest have interfered to prevent those improvements which humanity has pointed out.

To specify the nature of all the cruelties practised in the market would transgress our limits. The most particular evil of the want of space, is

the practice of forming what are called "off-droves," where the oxen are beat into a circle, their heads forming the centre, in which position they are retained by repeated blows; and the object of purchase can only be brought out by another series of attacks on the head, the drovers mounting on the back for the purpose. Care and vigilance may do something to keep these evils in check, and in nothing more than in following the useful suggestion and practice of Sir George Chetwynd, "never to allow any meat to be taken into your houses which is bruised." Attention to this subject has already effected much good, it compels restraint in the infliction of the signs betraying torture.

How much might be said in favour of the natural beauty of the ox, in form, in character, and expression, as the poet of the "Seasons" writes, after the ancients,

"harmless, guileless animal."

We breed and fatten him, it is true, for the purposes of death; but is not this enough? If he is condemned to die, why should he not, like the ancient victims, reach his altar upon a path of flowers?

Grateful for the benefits we are to derive from him, we should treat him no worse than a noble criminal, not like a base and odious miscreant, shower on him the language of hatred and the acts of detestation through the closing scenes of his devoted life. We need to ask a blessing on the meat that has passed through such a scene of misery; it comes to our table cursed indeed, and if they be the curses of the wicked, yet is it our duty, for the ox's sake as for our own, to remove the temptation that makes them wicked, and the difficulty that draws down the oath. Thankful for the meat which is allowed us to be eaten with thanksgiving, how would it embitter the meal of the feeling man to know he purchased it by one unnecessary pang?

Unnecessary pang! the final moment arrives; in the last tormenting hour we find him subjected to a process of barbarity, which the murders of the wildest cannibalism only equal; a process, the origin of which were incomprehensible, were not that marvel surpassed by its existence at the present hour; existing too with an improvement upon horror which it did not originally assume.

Speculation is lost in contemplating this practice, and all inquiry on the subject meets with reply so vague, so unsatisfactory, that we can only conjecture it arose in those fiercer and unprotected ages, when to fell an ox was a symptom of masculine vigour, and these animals were practically used as tests of human strength. Custom, that grim monster, which may be cut in a thousand pieces ere it will release its hold, and which perseveres in its own despite against the efforts of the brightest invention or the most useful improvement; appears to be the only reason which has continued and still continues to maintain the practice, against common sense, decency, and regard for ourselves as well as our victims.

The smaller animals, over which the power of a human blow is greater, are bled to death; but this larger creature, in which the tower of life stands more eminent, and is more deeply founded, man must arrogantly batter and attack, when more reason exists for sapping it slowly to the ground. If it is necessary to beat out the brains or stun a creature, the smaller the animal the easier will man's strength accomplish the feat;

but he must needs task himself against the superior ox, where his punier size can only inflict unnecessary lingering agony, and where by gazing on the long and horrible disfigurement, he must confound his feelings with as much deformity, as he confounds into a shattered mass the noble and expressive countenance before him.

The older practice was, to stun the creature with a wooden mallet, and then sever the throat, but refinement and improvement have reached the slaughter-house. An instrument is now used terminating in a punch, which makes a clear fracture of the skull without concussion, and through the orifice a twig or stick is introduced, by which the brains are stirred until life flies—in refuge from such pain. It is said this process makes the meat tender, and it is not impossible that the paralytic dissolution, an exhaustion of the nerves which it induces, may produce a muscular flabbiness, exactly the reverse of that spasmodic contraction which is produced by the process of crimping living fish. This may in some respects alleviate the toughness produced by the irritation of the crowded market, and all previous ill-treatment.

But what a shocking picture does it present of contrivances to cover one evil by a worse! what a wretched artifice, crime upon crime! to substitute an unwholesome delusive softness for the true tone and flavour.

With battered skull streaming with blood, the poor wretches have been known to break repeatedly from the butcher's hands, rending, in the last desperate agonies of existence, the ropes which confined them. Here, too, are they often tortured by boys, who with inefficient blows, strike the creature at random, while it flinches from the stroke. What interest, what custom, what human consideration is there, we say, that can justify the use of this practice for an hour?—why is it not put down? why has it not been put down long before?

The moaning, howling shriek uttered during the stirring of the brain, particularly in the last spasm, when the game sufficiently long pursued, the stick is thrust with force towards the posterior part of the skull, together with the convulsive elevation of the head at that period, is the most horrible and

hideous fruit of cruelty that human barbarity ever exacted from those who benefit them.

The Portuguese method of "laying down" cattle, (puncture of the spinal cord,) advocated some years ago so strenuously by Lord Somerville, is said by competent judges, to be not free from objection; the eyes and countenance exhibiting great agony after the inferior sensation has been destroyed; but why, in the name of all that is sacred, or reasonable, or just, do we not destroy our oxen in the manner of the Jews? The blood-vessels of the neck are separated at one stroke with a knife,* sharp as a razor, which is preserved in a sheath carefully for that, and that sole purpose, and death is as easy as it is instantaneous. The creature merely faints away; dies in a swoon.

Is it because the Jews are obstinate, and will not embrace Christianity, that we must be perverse, and reject their mercies? Surely to contemplate the two scenes, and regard the horrors

* A similar knife of a different length is used for the calf, and one still shorter for the sheep and lamb.

attending our practice, we ought to blush for the name of Christian under which we practise it.

Very few, we believe, are aware of the manner in which their meat is prepared for table, and we have thought it proper, that the practice may be thoroughly appreciated, to give in the Notes an engraving of the instrument itself which is used. Nor can we obtain any reason for the continuance of its use, and the rejection of the bleeding to death, except that the beef would look less red, a most insufficient cause indeed for such measureless torment, even were it true, but with the blind inconsistency which ever attends the prejudice of habit, it is the custom even now to withdraw from the neck a considerable quantity of blood a day or two before slaughtering.

Every feeling consideration the ox can call for, the sheep also demands, and it possesses with its tender offspring peculiar claims. It is repeatedly alluded to as the image of meekness, gentleness, peace,—a type of Christian virtue, and the Lamb of life, the metaphor so continually recurring in the

New Testament, is an expression which fearfully seems fitted to strike with awe and terror every abuser of this animal. Is there any act more calculated to create the shudder of dismay, than this, or even the mere conception of striking cruelly, and maliciously wounding the tender limbs of that gentle creature to whose image our holy and blessed Redeemer has been compared? Ought not this, even in the most reprobate mind, to sanctify it from disgraceful treatment? It suffers less perhaps from the present crowded market than the ox, but still there is enough to cure; and, be it remembered, in proof of the vast benefits already derived from the excital of public attention towards cruelty, that it was a common custom, not thirty years ago, for the drover of these timid innocents to *cut off one or more feet close to the hoof*, that the disabled creature might, from the excessive pain, be less inclined to straggle to the right or to the left, and thus increase the trouble of driving. This is only one out of the black catalogue of horrors, which have been interfered with, and are now, it must be hoped, consigned for ever to the tomb of things which have been, but shall be no more.

*

One particular cruelty of appetite, which strikes us under the black banner of Belial, of those who make their God their belly, is the torturing of the calf for making what is particularly called "white veal." If the veal is white, it is obtained at the expense of some of the most black-hearted cruelty that ever stained the hand of man. The practice is, we believe and hope, on the decline, and there are thousands, doubtless, ignorant to procure this "white veal," what the poor calf undergoes. He is slung up to the ceiling by the heels, and that the head may be equally blanched, it is so hooked to the forefeet, that the centre of the bent neck is the nearest point to the ground.* A very minute incision is then made in the jugular vein, and the poor wretched animal hangs up for days, till the life-blood is drained slowly from its heart, in exquisite lingering torments. The great God of heaven and earth directed his chosen people how they were to slaughter their flocks; in these dictates the precepts of humanity reigned; *the knife was to be well sharpened.* And shall we

* This is only *one* of the modes made use of; the customs of cruelty differ like other customs, and man is a creature of various invention.

presume to use his creatures thus? to make our knife sharp, not to kill but to torture; not to remove life quickly, without pain, but to remove it slowly, with the greatest pain; to make our knife sharp that the gate of death may be small, and the exit agonising and slow!

Is not this a fit subject for legislation? better to eat our veal red as blood, and keep our hearts spotless, than stain them with the crimson dye of so much cruelty. Were public abattoirs* established on the Parisian model, and this crime prohibited, it never could escape the notice of the inspectors. Who is the most to be excused, the rich man who puts such cursed viands on his table, or the poor man, who, from the necessities of time, of space, or fatigue, inflicts cruelties in driving his cattle to the market, or out of it, to their last home? The demand of the consumers must have created the practice; unless indeed they are ignorant of its existence, if so, let now, if possible, the practice and the ignorance cease together.

The private irresponsible nature of our slaughter-

* Vide Note D.

houses gives rise to many other evils. There is no possibility of any effectual interference with the executioners who occupy them. Sheep are not uncommonly seen skinned before life is extinct, while the operator swears at the contortions of the animal which prevent the easy insertion of his knife. It is also a common practice in killing the sheep or lamb, instead of firmly binding with ropes, to pass one end of a hook through the nose, and drive the other in the wooden bench it lies on, so that no struggle can scatter the blood from the bucket placed to receive it. It is said also, a part of the yet living calf is sometimes skinned, during the process above described, and incision made to examine whether the meat is sufficiently pale. Such cruelties, and the shocking abuse* of feeding creatures for the table on the refuse of such places, A PUBLIC SYSTEM OF INSPECTION WOULD EXTERMINATE.

Horrors sometimes find their way from these dark dens to the police-office and public journals, but only frequently enough to remind us what excess

* Vide Note E.

must remain behind. And all the secret vice that is encouraged here, it is impossible to name, nor is there any stronger public duty, in every moral sense, than a supervision of the mixed crowd of characters and youths, who are solitarily intrusted in the shadow of these walls.

On minor animals there are or have been cruelties innumerable; there is the whipping to death of the sucking pig; the production of brawn;* the forced liver of the goose, in which the respective sufferers may be said to endure the torments of Marsyas, the cruel immurement of the proud Cardinal of Balue, and the protracted misery of the traveller dying of thirst in the Arabian desert. But if these inventions by which man has exhibited his thankfulness to the Giver of all good things, are considered as casual or obsolete cruelties, there are others perpetrated, or at least

* Brawn is formed by the pressure of two boards tied on either side of the hog: as the creature fattens, this confinement produce a callosity in the substance. To force the liver of the goose to an unnatural size, it must, to use the words of a French recipe, "be crammed with meat, deprived of drink, and kept constantly before a hot fire!"

encouraged, in the very bosom of our families, which we ought to view with shame. What is the crimping of fish? We would seriously and solemnly inquire whether it can be justified, merely to gratify the palate with a certain sense of firmness, that a living creature shall be scored until its convulsive spasms produce the desired rigidity? Why should not the butcher pass his knife down to the bone along the flesh of the sheep or ox, did our fancy lead us to prefer it so prepared, making incisions innumerable, and fill his premises with blood and groans? What is our plea; that in the fish organs of voice are absent? We have no right to give the creatures we eat one moment's needless pain. Departing from this principle, why should we not, like the Abyssinian, cut our steaks from the living animal?—why explode the whipping of the pig to death as an intolerable barbarity?—why, in short, kill our meat at all, but tear it living, like the wild beasts of the forest, whose violent nature rushes to its end, without sympathy or remorse?

There is also the skinning of eels alive, roasting oysters, boiling the living lobster, the shrimp, and

crab; are these practices justifiable on any ground? —departures so distant from the principle of least possible suffering. Under the Jewish dispensation, shell-fish were forbidden; and how know we whether mercy, considering their tenacity of life, may not have mingled in the regulation? "Whatsoever hath no fins or scales in the water, that shall be an abomination unto you." And though we may not as Christians be affected morally by this command, yet the abstinence from these, and other nutriments marked in the Hebrew inhibition, would, it has been affirmed,* have far other than an injurious effect upon our physical condition.

As respects the lobster, although the fishmonger will tell you it is impossible they should be eaten if differently prepared, yet they will soon die if placed in fresh water, and when boiled, the difference is only a little less hardness in the flesh, an experiment easily made. The fact is, *custom only, unfeeling custom,* is the foundation of this practice; and of another less known,—

* Vide Note F.

the driving pegs of wood into the claws, instead of tying them together, and by which they are so often broken. Eels also, so tenacious of life, may be decapitated before they are skinned, and though punishment of those performing acts sanctioned by such long habit, would be unjust and equally absurd, yet as these viands are not absolute necessaries, how easy would it be to conquer custom by refusing to purchase them if barbarously prepared! Sugar was, some years since, conspired against as produced by the toil of slaves; is not this cruelty as good a ground for abstinence? no doubt, he who should refuse to eat these creatures, for such a reason, and should remonstrate with those who perpetrate the act and perform it habitually in their vocation, would be thoroughly laughed at for his pains. But so when the cannibals of New Zealand laid hands upon their European prisoners, dashed out their brains with clubs, or tortured the living flesh in the preparation for their banquet, the groans and horror and entreaty of their live companions, excited amazing mirth and laughter in the savages. We hardly know any event which raises laughter but the violation of a habit either of thought or action; nor is there

any wickedness which, if opposed, does not produce the mirth of those who practise it. Some cruelties are thought, as it were, too small for notice; and certainly, the agonies of the larger animals, inspire with greater horror, whether justly or not—but it is a gross notion to measure either pain or pleasure by dimension—and the chain of magnitude from the largest to the smallest is so gradual and insensible, that it is impossible to draw a line where the consideration of cruelty shall end, even were we certain in the diminution of size that there was included a diminution of the pain.

The lines of Shakspeare on this subject are in the mouth of every one, and he fixes the amount of pain in the mental faculty; in the "apprehension," not in the little or the great.

We may feel assured, that there is nothing which has been formed by the Creator's hand with the delicate organization of life,* that is beneath our humanity and care; if we draw a boundary wherein

* Vide a beautiful extract from the Rev. Thomas Young, Note G.

our pride may be indulged, it will soon encroach and lead us into derogatory and idle speculations, a frailty of our conduct which we feel most forcibly when (to pass the theories of the later schoolmen) we behold a father of the Christian church so venerable as St. Jerome, dispute that it is an insult both to God and man to contemplate that the Creator knows how many fleas the world contains. Even these tribes of creatures have a purpose; they admonish habits insalutary to our condition, and we can best avoid the act of their destruction by preventing their existence.

The capacity (if it may be so called) for cruelty, and the delight in it, is a singular feature in our character. How extraordinary and terrible is the pleasure, evidently joyous pleasure, which persons often take in the destruction of creatures for the table! That horrible process of wringing the neck of poultry may be seen performed by some females with the intensest relish, the most exulting glee and laughter. And it is a sight creating wonder and unfathomable speculation on the metaphysics of the heart, to perceive one human creature perform with gladness an act, which, in another only to

imagine, thrills the whole frame with sensations of the most chill and grating sympathy.*

Whatever cruelties we commit for the sake of the palate, for improving the natural flavour of God's gifts, must be hateful in his sight, and more abominable than those which the necessities of labour or the impulse of ungoverned anger may extort from us. They are the calculating experiments of sensual appetite, and in addition to all that can be denounced against the abuse and injury of His blessings, they wear the additional feature of discontent. We are dissatisfied with the creatures in their natural form as presented to us; the work of God is not good enough for man, and he uses cruelty to suit it to his perverted appetite.

Some are pleased with the occupation of amateur butchers, poulterers, &c. &c., and carefully watch and tend the creatures they are preparing to feed upon. Certainly this is not criminal; it is a mere point of taste to follow those professions

* Vide Note H.

for amusement which the necessity of subsistence imposes upon others; and perhaps to those endowed with such a taste, the ever increasing attachment to the owner, and the continued observation of the endearing ways which distinguish every animated existence, may heighten the relish of the table, and lend to the immortal banquet a mental pungence with the corporeal flavour. But we must confess our folly lies so much the other way, that even the accidental death of a creature with which we have held an acquaintance produces pain; and have that weakness, that we never could, after nourishing, resolve to destroy it, that we might taste the niceness of its flesh; a foolish irresolution that brings, no doubt, great deprivation of enjoyment.

So much for the cruelties of appetite; the cruelties of sport are vanishing fast; owing to the exertions of the friends of animals, comparatively have been extinguished. Systematic bear-baiting, dog-fighting, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, are now illegal; the field of the moralist has been circled by the arm of the law. With relation to their debasing effects, we may allude to the tragic fate

of Mr. Ardesoif of Tottenham, versified by Cowper; who, roasting a game cock alive, in fury that it had been vanquished, fell dead while threatening with a poker those friends who sought to rescue the shrieking victim of his rage.

Among all these sports, the history of the annual bull-running at Stamford, and of the proceedings which have been taken to abolish it, afford the most interesting and instructive picture of the force of habit. Old custom had kept up in that particular town a practice among the best classes of its society, which persons of the same rank in every other part of England regarded with horror. They not only were indifferent to the cruelty, they took delight in a sport which once the whole country delighted in. This last land-mark of ancient barbarity has been swept away; and as the fleeting traces of such cruelties exist only in memory, we derive the cheering reflection, that as, by the influence of time and refinement, this custom has been destroyed, so other cruelties will disappear; each leaving in decay some lingering relics in a particular spot, which the enlightened sense of the country round will render odious;

until at length this flickering gleam of wrong, like the taper's wasting light, shall be irrecoverably extinguished.

There is a singular species of cruelty which we cannot better allude to than at this place; injuring creatures on account of their personal appearance. If we analyse the motive, we shall find the creatures so disliked possess the expression of some disagreeable human passion. If pride is not yet sufficiently abased, this will prove a very consolatory refuge. *Those creatures we hate, disgust us by the resemblance to ourselves.* Take, for example, the swine, which is perhaps almost the only animated creature universally condemned for ugliness. What do we consider ugly in this beast? The expression of gluttony—the overflowing of uncontrolled greediness—the surly, savage selfishness which reminds us of qualities detestable in ourselves. An evil spirit of humanity has entered into the swine, and we abhor it accordingly. The monkey's ugliness, likewise, springs from its resemblance to the degraded points of man; and it appears to us there are few offensive expressions in human nature but what lean to the character either

of the monkey or the pig; the character of the former being, to perform actions for the mere purpose of obtaining attention; of the latter, to perform them of any description in despite of it. We think it a mistaken view to regard this persecution on account of ugliness* a mere caprice of taste. All beauty has a ground in some agreeable or elevated sentiment, and ugliness, in the reverse; we should, therefore, pause when we behold it, consider its source, and turn to purify ourselves, not break the mirror which reflects us.

Much has been written on the amusement of imprisoning little birds, and many a poet has found a theme in their captivity; it may be said, not strictly to correspond with the dictates of a refined sensibility; yet perhaps it only violates these in some particular cases, such as taking birds at their full growth. For, although confinement is evidently injurious to wild creatures in general, from their ceasing to continue their species; yet, in this respect, birds are not so inevitably acted on as

* "How know you the creature is ugly? not half so ugly perhaps to you, as you are in its eyes!"—*Sermon by Rev. Dr. Drummond, on the Duty of Kindness to Animals.*

the larger animals: many kinds will breed in confinement. To imprison the robin, that confiding friend of man, is, assuredly, being too covetous of its music. For those who feel a scruple in imprisoning our native choristers, the canary, breeding in its cage, will always furnish a companion. Companionship with creatures, so artless, yet so intelligent, if conducted with a tenderness worthy the exquisite objects, might refine the spirits of all. It is cruelty which makes the wrong—hideously to remove the sight with a burning wire, to produce some fancied change of note—these are the acts which make man or woman execrable. This is true barbarity; or coolly killing, when full of life and joy, not strange or foreign birds, but our native well-known denizens, hovering round us—merely to stuff, and aid in filling up an ornamental case, supplied with similar victims. As a tribute to some departed memory this forms an elegant preservation; but how miserable as a system, to prefer death to life, and supply a soul of straw, for the vital energy, and coolly to destroy for that mere end! Teaching these creatures also, by means of pain, either of starvation or of fear, to do some silly and unnatural labour, seems a taste depraved

and vitiated in the extreme. The narrow and monotonous effects of human will are preferred, rather than cultivating the precious golden qualities instilled by Heaven.

The caging of a bird is a protection which its timid and mercurial nature requires; and from the readiness, when once it is tamed, with which the cage is entered, the restraint is most evidently not irksome. If deprived of some of its native happiness, losing

"The mountain nymph, sweet liberty,"

our imagination paints her, perhaps, decked with greater charms than in the bird's memory she may retain. Cold, wet, hunger, continual danger, birds have to struggle with. What is called liberty is probably with them as it is with man—often another name for toil and tempest; and they have not the restless and aspiring mind which prints on man the sorrows of captivity. These are not the real slaves. Theirs is, or ought to be, a gentle yoke, a mutual exchange of sympathies—mourning their fancied bondage, here, as in weightier dreams of liberty, may divert attention from the real griev-

ances, the true and thorough slavery of homebred wrong and toil; of those immured, if not in narrow bounds, within a more unmitigable prison—doomed, like the hapless outcasts of dominant Rome, to no prospect of escape from the wide dungeon of human empire. Kindness forms no irritating chain; after a twelvemonth's absence in its native woods, the bull-finch has been known to hear its mistress's voice, and return to the remembered charm: for it is a curious fact, and a proof of the power which we might possess over the whole animal kingdom, that the companionship of man is sufficient to make a creature forgetful and indifferent to its own species; as easily may be witnessed in the pet lamb: which, fully grown, never herds with its own flock, but turns with listless dissatisfaction towards its human friend.

But the practice of taking small birds, sparrows, by hundreds, that men may show their surprising power and dexterity in blowing them to pieces with an expensive instrument, constructed with the utmost skill for the purpose, we leave to those who take pride in such glorious achievements; recommending, however, as an improve-

ment, the markmanship of William Tell, or of the Indian chief, and to fix the bird upon the forehead or between the finger and thumb.

As to worrying cats with dogs, skinning them alive, tearing out the tongues of horses and donkeys, (which last seems always to have been a favourite species of brutality with those whose passions have denaturalised their hearts, and for which there used to be no punishment, unless malice to the *owner* could be proved,) those who practise them it is in vain to address, they are so completely outcasts from the pale of humanity; they are sunk so low beyond the reprobation of even the worst class of minds, that no words can be expected to move them: they are shunned and shuddered at by all: they are the irregular monstrosities of nature, that the severest punishment alone can affect. We leave them in despair.

PART THE THIRD.

THE PRACTICE OF VIVISECTION. CONCLUSION.

THIRD PART.

Men have entered into a desire of knowledge, sometimes upon an inquisitive appetite . . . . sometimes for reputation . . . . most times for lucre and profession . . . . . as if there were sought in knowledge a couch to rest a searching spirit . . . a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself . . . . a shop for profit or sale; and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate.—*Lord Bacon.*

THE subject which now attracts our notice is one where the acts of torture are, in barbarity, identical with those distinguished last, though the perpetrators scorn to think so, and would hear indignantly the imputation. This vice, despising the humble name of cruelty, plumes itself in a compound term—and masking under shadow of a dead and foreign idiom its living wickedness, challenges as *Vivisection* not merely the excuses of necessity, but calls, in the venerable name of wisdom, for praise, distinction, and respect.

As humble as are the creatures we have defended, compared with man's vast power and intellectual spirit, so trifling in comparison are all the cruelties we have before alluded to; placed beside the enormities which now approach, they are the faint and feeble efforts of wrong—mere shadows of unsubstantial crime. The labourer's heavy anger —the indulgence of the heedless parent—the sportsman's habitual want of thought, bring each their suffering, and foster evil habits in the heart; but what are these, and all the cruelties of avarice or custom, or wanton gluttony, compared with acts committed coolly, for abstract speculation, and the purposes of *fame?*

In the unfeeling creature who from a living animal drags the adhering skin—an act so difficult to perform, that some determined need, if cruelty were banished, must force its practice, for so small a value as the hide—how trifling a shape does avarice assume, compared with his benighted covetousness, who, bearing the figure of a man, and pretending to rank with cultivated souls, fills his lecture-room by exhibitions of demoniac cruelty; and professing public benefit, loads his

accursed pouch with thrice-refined torture. In this country, indeed, there is no public thirst for blood, and our prejudices, as they are called, (long may they endure!) which compel respect, force the anatomist to confine his orgies to a narrow sphere. But here, alas! more remains than scarcely can be believed; all, if related,

> "Would harrow up the soul,
> Make each particular hair to stand on end."

Spirits of mercy! who, in your eternal rounds of pardon, bear the scroll of sins forgiven: either upon earth, or in the unmeasured realms of space, through all the peopled regions which you visit, amid all the blood-dyed records you have seen effaced, and made as white as wool, declare if you have ever known unirritated cruelty like the following? whether any creature, with blood heated by no passion, but professing the most exalted views and motives, has distinguished that elevation by acts demanding more the utmost efforts of forgiveness than those it is our office to relate?

A lively and affectionate bitch is taken, a recent mother, suckling its young brood of puppies; each

pulse laid bare, every nervous cord examined; the viscera pierced so far as may be hazarded without destroying life; the enveloped secret functions laid open to the prying eye of cruel curiosity—what title shall we affix upon the men who, coolly, with a resolute satisfaction, can perpetrate these acts? This seems enough; yet more is needed to allay the thirst of ignorance. The puppies are carried to the parent, to try the noble and important experiment, which has most power, human torture or natural affection. Man's art fails—the wickedness is unaccomplished—and the wretched mother is seen to lick her offspring; forgetting, in her tenderness, pangs which far exceed a hundred deaths, yields in caresses the poor remnant of her life. The human brute forgets all natural feeling, forced by no stronger motive than the coldness of his will. The irrational brute, ill named, surpassing far this refuse of humanity, is pressed upon by pains which man alone has power or ingenuity or hardness to inflict;—preserves beneath the inhuman pressure the force of natural ties, which man, without compulsion, seeks to tear asunder.

Another dog, "lively, docile, and intelligent,"

(these qualities afford the poignant flavour to the celestial banquet,) has an opening bored with a gimlet into the brain; but the victim cries; astonishing and unexpected power of agony! No chastisement can force it to be silent; stripes are used in vain. No infliction can terminate or alter the prolonged monotonous howl. These are fit candidates for an academic chair, and tutelage of youth, who revel in such ingenious subleties. This is indeed philosophy,

> "Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
> But musical, as is Apollo's lute,
> And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets.'

But man is an amazing creature! redolent of fine and subtle contrivances! There is a mystery yet more sublime to be fulfilled: A *burning iron* is inserted in the orifice, and the animal becomes so *stupid* and *imbecile*, its gifted torturers deign to pity, not its *pain*, but *folly;* for when a hot frying-pan with scorching fritters is brought to tempt it, not disenamoured yet of pain, the greedy fool rushes to the bait, and to such a pitch of idiotism has glorious man been able to reduce it, that after all its agony, unsatisfied, it burns its silly

lips devouring the fiery viands: the nervous channels of discrimination being destroyed. Any thing more? *the wretched victim shows signs of pleasure when the master fiends caress it.*

Not only hundreds nor thousands, but tens of thousands have thus enjoyed the blessings that human intellect confers. Nor would ten volumes of this size afford a calendar even of the principal enormities. To write them for perusal would be a too revolting task. Their conception even chills the bosom with such horror that we are compelled to exclaim, it seems incredible, impossible, that those committing them should be formed of human elements.

The object in transcribing such painful narratives, (all the ingenuities of which have not been related, as the subtlest inventions are resorted to to keep the creatures living, and which for two or three weeks together avert the merciful hand of death,) is to fulfil a painful duty, to point out to the public the real practice, to relate as much and nothing more of the disgusting catalogue as may establish its true character, and which we must

confess,—and burn with shame confessing it,—is carried on by creatures belonging to one's own kind, wearing the features of human nature, and linked in the associations of a Christian community.

The projectors of Lagado were not more absurd than these, though far less cruel. Comparatively harmless acts of vanity are lashed in that strong satire; but what is the judgment of common decency and sense on speculations such as follow? Light is essential to colour—but the products of the animal body, in those recesses of the form where light is most excluded, are yet possessed of distinctive shades; the viscera of a living animal must be then laid bare, and kept open, to learn what alteration of colour light will produce; the stomach is to be opened after an emetic, to ascertain whether, in vomiting, it be passive or active; burning irons applied to the tendon and the bone, to inquire which has greater capacity of pain; frogs' hearts are to be cut out, to ascertain how long without them existence can be preserved. The learned professor, after a short interval of silence, to renew our wearied faculties by rest, after

announcements so profound,—publishes what time they live without the brain; while another eminent philosopher relates how many thousand snails he had deprived of horns, to ascertain the question of their reproduction. Does not this vie with the philosophy of Hudibras? May we not, with equally useful purpose investigate his mysteries?

> "If Adam had a navel;
> Who first made music malleable;
> Whether the devil at the fall,
> Had cloven feet, or none at all."

and confess with shame we still are of that human family, which once discussed in learned council how many angels a needle's point was able to sustain. Such serious folly should not, perhaps, be named so lightly; but we know not any term of ridicule that could sufficiently apply to such pursuits, were not the sense of their absurdity completely merged in indignation at the horrid crime involved. This strong expression may be sneered at, but remember,

> "Many a crime deemed innocent on earth,
> Is registered in heaven."

And the name of crime would soon be lost, if

those deserving it were the only judges of its use. There is no wickedness but man has sometimes taught himself it is a virtue he should practise.'

To such minds, corrupted by such inquisitiveness, to quote the words of a great poet, is hopeless and inappropriate indeed; yet the language, above their understanding, is levelled directly at their crime.

> "Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
> Leave them to God above; him serve and fear.
> This to know,
> Is the prime wisdom, what is more is fume,
> And emptiness, and fond impertinence.
> Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy."

More antiquated still it might be esteemed, to quote the unenlightened king of Jewry, on that which forms the whole duty of man; for to him the terms, the acts, and obligations of modern wisdom were unknown.

But this subject refuses to be treated with unceremonious disrespect. It approaches, enveloped in an imposing mantle of human interests,

smiles under the aspect of benevolence, and assumes a strong tower of defence, in halls, and colleges, and edifices of instruction. It coolly asserts it is a duty to be cruel, and declares ours is the passion, the prejudice, and the folly, and that all these outrages are the due and proper sacrifice for human suffering.

Man, it is certain, has a thousand afflictions peculiar to himself, the fruit and evidence of corruption;

> "Maladies
> Of ghastly spasm, and racking torture, qualms
> Of heart-sick agony,"

originating in his misconduct,

> "By intemperance
> In meats or drinks, which on the earth shall bring
> Diseases dire. . . . . Not seeking thence
> Due nourishment, but gluttonous delight."

In addition, then, to all the calamities which we have heaped and accumulated upon the animal world, we must make innocent creatures the scape-

goats of our corrupted bodies,—(depraved in many cases by our abuse of them—our blood poisoned by their inordinate use—or a diseased condition, induced by our intention from some device of gluttony, or accidentally by neglect or injury,—and our ills arising from this previous outrage, we again resort to persecute them for a cure;—) with the utmost indifference, as if they had been placed upon this earth for no other purpose, and had no other capacity, we are to search and crucify them for the causes of our disease, and torture them with every ingenuity of pain—a sacrifice to the offended demons of iniquity!

This is a delightful and complacent picture of human authority—and it seems a most bigoted forgetfulness which can coolly assume and exercise this power without a thought. Something, perhaps, must be conceded to human wants—and in the extremest cases, the dominion we hold above these creatures be permitted to extend to our disease as well as hunger; but are no laws to regulate the conduct in the former case? must every thing be left to what is arrogantly called *discretion*, in these practices, where the faculties of cool

invention and man's ingenuity are called in action? With respect to food, the cruelty must be limited: the operator's time cannot afford any very prolonged processes of torture, nor a study of new means of producing it; but in the other case, monstrous inconsistency! those who practise it, (from whom practice has either removed the restraint of feeling, or who, before they desire to do it, must have become a little hard,) though their whole occupation be to invent varieties of torment, yet are they not to be interfered with—the amount must be left to their discretion! Unparalleled assumption, of which words fail to mark a sense of the cool audacity.

Because human interests are involved, must nothing be forbid? are these all paramount beyond the need of sacrifice? Let, then, the Romish Inquisition be justified as more praiseworthy than this sect. It pleaded human interests, not of the body, but the immortal mind: for man's nobler faculties were its horror, bloodsheds, crimes; to medicate

"this intellectual being;
Those thoughts, that wander through eternity;"

was the end which prompted its professors; formed their motive, pride, and recompence. They invented torments upon the living creature —not for the mere body, which, in the doom the conquered angels dreaded, shall perish—

> "swallow'd up and lost
> In the wide womb of uncreated night,
> Devoid of sense and motion"—

but for the divine ethereal spirit that "cannot cease to be." And if the element of their contrivances were human pain, more valuable in some degree than brutish agony, yet it hardly will be said the contrast of their pain exceeds the vast unmeasured space which intervenes from matter to soul. Man's body is a precious masterpiece of the Eternal Artificer, and in our agonies are associated pangs we cannot speculate that brutes endure;—mental horrors. To torment a man is undeniably the greater crime; but the variation of the mortal frames is trifling, when balanced with the difference of ends—brute suffering for our mere bodies' sake, human suffering for the surpassing mind. One object is infinite, glorious, sublime; the other merely seeks to modify a few wasting moments of mortality.

Is not the Catholic Inquisition, then, more justifiable than these collegiate institutes of pain? What are the horrors we have named, and the multitude unnamed, those pangs of scientific inquisition, but the duplicates of popish torment? What is the horrid death by the pendulum, the everlasting water drop,* but the antitype of these enlightened miseries, and neither more barbarous nor more profane?

It may not be wholly pleasing to compare a liberal profession, and their acts, and their contrivances, with these former hierarchs, who would have riveted the spirit in iron chains. The discoverers in modern medicine are no doubt more removed than any other inquirers from the shadow of superstition; and, immersed in matter, and the tracery of the corporeal frame, have sometimes rather leaned to scepticism than the blind bonds of dogma. Much as has been done by them (and

* The dagger-pointed pendulum, which sinking in imperceptible degrees at every oscillation, severed by hair-breadths the bowels of the victim stretched beneath. The cold water drop, which dropping for ever on the bare skull of the chained martyr, devivified by a train of fearful agony.

few have effected more) to liberate the human mind from many of the fetters of ignorance, they may repudiate the comparison, and tax its justice; but it is in opposites to meet, and the extreme of enterprizing thought may mingle with the extreme of ignorance. Those whose elevated minds look down with proper sentiments upon those cruel and useless frivolities, will feel the strongest condemnation involves them in no rebuke; nor will the censure be complained of by any but those deserving it. An eminent few may always do well, but the mass has ever greatest power to do evil, and there is not, nor ever has been, a human society, which habit might not inure to any infamy, were its members unchecked and unreminded by the hints of the wide community; where each, however touched by his own prejudices, is yet free from theirs.

Assuming, then, what we think can scarcely be denied, after the examples given of those crimes *unregulated dissection* can perform, that it is necessary to place some check upon the practice—superior to the mere will and the compunction of its operator; let us examine, (supposing it to be

allowed that we shall sacrifice these creatures for our disease,) what principles ought to guide us in its regulation. The absence of generosity which is implied in seizing upon these offenceless animals—from whom we have derived so many benefits, and on whom, in recompence, we have already inflicted so many pains;—and subjecting them to processes so unnatural, that the utmost nicety is needed in conducting them, because nature, which has the strongest dread of death, yet struggles with her utmost efforts during the whole process to seek a refuge in that detested annihilation from the agony inflicted on it; and which escape from pain, even to its most dreaded enemy, would terminate the experiment;—the want of generosity implied in taking this advantage, it is impossible to deny and difficult to defend. But man is a selfish creature; and no selfishness is so strong as that of pain, and for pains incurred without immediate blame we may suppose something to be conceded. We, perhaps, assume a latitude even in this,—brutes were first subjected to our dominion,—at the next era conceded to us for meat, and "the fear of us and the dread of us" imposed upon them; a sentence we have

not neglected to fulfil; but there is nothing so much as hinted that we should disentegrate them living —inventing a mean of strange existence, meting pain against the power of enduring; as it were, binding together the dead and the living, unnaturally placing in one body parts with life and parts without life, a marriage of life and death beneath the consecratory ban of torture. We can find no warrant for this practice in the holy record, nor suppose it contemplated in the scope of primitive ages, where the air of heaven, and the unsophisticated meats of nature, preserved bright health; aided by habits unsubdued to the entangled intricacy of man's refined invention. We cannot, without considerable warping to our ends, from the footsteps of a plain interpretation, assert by any implication this right to be expressed. And as often as we endeavour to confess that our sufferings are entitled to this means of cure, as often does the mind revolt from the tyrannizing proposition.

If, by our faults and folly, we have brought innumerable diseases upon ourselves, justice seems to say, we ought to bear them. Had we not these

beasts to serve us, where would be our refuge ? it is too much to assert the Almighty placed them here that we might dissect them. How would it be approved if we had no such objects, to take the meanest and most defenceless of our own kind and investigate on these? punishment either from earth or heaven, we might be sure awaited us, and we would refrain; though now perhaps we think delusively that none awaits us here. Generous, indeed, it would be to offer oneself a living victim for the interests of health or learning; but it would scarcely be permitted on compulsion; and it is this tie of force alone which brings these poor unfortunates, the mean, defenceless objects of creation, to the scalpel and the probe.

But that which our feelings cannot sanction, nor our understanding be prevailed upon to justify —driven by the mere extortion of expediency—we must connive at, conniving only to destroy and end the greater evil by the less. The practice does exist, and has struck such roots in custom, and brought such fruits to its owners, that we dare not hope for its immediate extinction. But if we are compelled that it should remain, we

are not compelled to bear with its abuse;—which strikes at the very eye and heart of all refinement, sanctioning as it does—cruelty, perverted feeling and principle in the very core of our existence.

The mode already proposed for modifying the enormities of this practice, is to establish a board composed of the most humane and eminent members of the profession, to whom all proposed experiments must be submitted, with their object and the ultimate views of the proposers concerning them. Due penalties to attach to any evasion or disregard of their examination. Several years since, when the public ear was outraged, and every bosom agitated by the open public atrocities of the French operator Magendie, in whose lectures these cruel murders formed the most attractive exhibition, letters were addressed by the Rev. Arthur Broome, the first promoter of the Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to the most distinguished surgeons either of the metropolis or the provinces. The almost unanimous tenor of the replies was in favour of such a board of inquiry. It is true, the letter of Sir Charles

Bell was by no means conclusive in supporting the reform, but a practice to which he had owed so great a reputation it might have appeared invidious or inconsistent too directly to oppose.

The clamour which was raised at that time by attacks so open and so flagrant upon every decent feeling of civilised society, compelled a cessation of the public butcheries. The offenders retreated into the shade, but not to perish; their crimes grew rank in secrecy, and unfortunately, spread a fashion of curiosity which was too extensively pursued in private; one of the accursed fruits of public crime.

No one ventured to rival the desperate recklessness of the Parisian surgeon, and indeed, according to his own views, the individual who should have prosecuted his investigations must as far have exceeded him in barbarity as he was sunk beneath the usual level of the human race; it being his opinion, that his own experiments were inconclusive, and, for any available purpose, must be carried to a much greater degree.

Nothing is more decisive on the viciousness of

the practice than this opinion; there is no greater mark of vice than that unsatiated appetite tantalized for ever with a prospect of satisfaction, but increasing like a devouring fire, can never cease to crave so long as any spot of soundness remains unpreyed upon.

It is this which marks a peculiar character in the practice of vivisection. With a remote contingency of alleviating some human disease; or obtaining a fact which at some time may afford the power of doing so, an immense quantity of suffering is inflicted. Were every act of pain corresponding with a certain human benefit, a trifling inducement might be offered to relent the bitter severity of disapproval; but these experiments are the merest, purest speculation; to which we commit, not our own, but others' interests—interests not of a moment, or even of an hour; but the whole stake and value of that unreturning life, which we have not given, though we take away, and take in torments life was not made to bear.

When we look around upon the state of man

with an enlarged conception, and trace his progress from the cradle to the grave, we shall find that we owe but little, much less than is supposed, to anatomical discovery. We receive the unimaginable gift of life, and it departs from us like the shadow of a dream; here are the bounds of existence, nonentity behind and death before, and the changes we can make, either in the condition or duration of the space, are trifling indeed compared with the miracle itself. We hear it boasted, that a year or two has been added to the average term of life, such is the fondness of mortality. But even this trifling gain it but the uncertain due of our improved anatomy, and a thousand other causes, social, statistical, mechanical, divide the claim of benefit. Life is preserved in many whose sickness makes the boon of life a pain; and while we say that science has advanced, accumulating infirmity seems close behind. Nature violated in these desolations, where we wrest her bounteous gifts by force, and wrong our benefactor by extortion, may steal insensibly our spoils;—retaliating in a slow, but sure revenge.

That Providence, which guards the health of

all;—gives constant airs to charm the breath our spirits feed on, gives "hot and cold, and moist and dry;" lays bare the Autumn; revivifies the Spring; spreads simple herbs, nature's medicaments,—might tend us better, did we leave the charge to it alone; as we strive to grasp from time, to take the chance and burden of our being in our hands, to be the arbiters of fate, to turn the current of mortality at will; nature may forget to walk alone; and as our acts follow our greedy hopes, the need of them may follow faster, and aspiring pride wishing to cure so much, may be supremely filled,—and all be left for us to cure.

In connection with this view of slighting a Sovereign Providence, by searching desperately in the midst of bloodshed and torments for the balm of human life; inquisitions of use or of mere novelty; it may be remarked that accidents (as they are currently designated) have afforded a much more instructive insight to the animal economy, than these determined hazards, where like the excited gamester's madness, stake after stake is ventured, horror heaped on horror; and all the scenes of slaughter acted, and the fruitlessness

of their results, lead only to a deeper and a deeper play in hope of some return. To name only one instance of these events, far exceeding in interest any intentional mutilation, is that case recorded by Dr. Beaumont in the United States*; where by a gun-shot wound the stomach was so denuded, that the entire process of digestion could be observed, meat introduced at the orifice, and the time of assimilation examined, internal motion, and the heat of the different stages tested by the thermometer; in short, the whole of that prime function, the marvellous conversion of foreign matter to the substance of animal life, observed, and commented on.

Nor has it been pleaded with justice, that as in other experiments of natural science, a long course of laborious inquiry may be pursued, in the course of which some casual facts become developed of greater value than the object of research, which is not attained; so here these accidents at last may prove of more importance than the views which first

* Account, &c. by Dr. Beaumont, Surgeon, U. S. Army, Boston, 1834.

gave motion to the investigating train. The facts elicited in these hideous operations, it is true, have no present application, but time will enable us to discern their use—time and the accumulation of future injuries. This is the answer which meets objections, and it is very cool and pertinent. What are the views of these speculators? how far do they cast their net into the ocean of eternity? The sons of mortality, after the great flood, daringly conceived to measure space with architecture, and build a tower above the clouds to conquer fate, and be an everlasting refuge from the wasting elements. What high hopes, lost in the clouds of pride and error, do these conjecturers indulge respecting our corporeal structure? Views to which the scattered confusion that madness issued in would form the fittest parallel. What essential changes can they expect to make in the condition of existence? what diseases abolish? what liability to disease, even, do away with? Do they hope to turn analysis to synthesis, and gain the demon power of making men by their fierce inquisitions on the essential nervous energy? Shall they at length so tear asunder the strings of life that they may join them again at will, and

seat artifice in the throne of nature, purify the fibres from corruption, corrode the seeds of sin with caustic, or scarify the source of evil? Amid the doting schemes for man's perfection, of vain pretenders who, ignorant in the lessons of the past, look on with childish hopes to the magic of a future, aided by their peculiar charms; these might form no insignificant figure.

Amidst inanimate matter, organised or inorganised, men may trust as much as they please that accident shall bring them wisdom; this they may modify, sever, recompound, carrying on all which makes the skilful operator; but when cruelty mingles in the drama, the voice of the moralist is loudly called for to point the due distinction. This draws the irrevocable bound, a line so strongly marked, that folly cannot confound it; the line of life, of sentient capacity; this is a great gulf fixed between innocent amusement and accountable crime; this, like a warning voice, should summon those who heedlessly destroy; like the hand of death standing before them, it should strike to nothing in their breasts the thirst of discovery, or the love of fame; disperse the

empty dream of wisdom founded on a base of crime, of future blessings rooted in a present curse:—asking with a voice of thunder, "Wilt thou do evil that good may come?"

Thrice have we endeavoured to break down our mind so to contemplate this subject that we might separate the pestilence from the plague, one species of cruelty from its more accursed neighbour; and prune off all but the smallest infamies.

> "Thrice he essayed, and thrice in spite of scorn,
> Tears such as angels weep, burst forth; at last
> Words interwove with sighs found out their way."

As strong yet unsuccessful have our endeavours been to bring articulate discrimination to the task, and as often have our efforts been overpowered, not by tears, but flowing indignation, not by a weak retrospect of sorrow, but the fulness of present anger, which still must interweave in the discussion; yet are we unable to feel that one expression has become the level of the subject; all tame and cold and profitless, compared to the feelings which ought to be aroused. We feel that chillness of mortality which checks the warmest efforts; brings fancy to the level of

imagined truth. As the author of "The Sublime and Beautiful" expresses it:—"In doing good we are generally cold, and languid, and sluggish, and of all things afraid of being too much in the right. But the works of malice and injustice are quite in another style. They are finished with a bold, masterly hand, touched as they are with the spirit of those vehement passions that call forth all our energies." Would we could dip our pen in malice, that injustice would lend those bitter energies, for once to be enough in the right, and paint in proper colours a practice which, while persevered in, renders it a monstrous inconsistency to punish any other cruelty; to check the wealing whip, the battering heel, or even to interfere with the unceasing toil and silent motion of the gold-rending screw of avarice, or its fierce alembic, transmuting blood to coin—cruelties which we can examine and consider, which have names "familiar in our mouths as household words"—while this seems to make its ground of stronghold in the excessive distinction of its horror, which removes it from all standards of comparison; the cloud of its own infamy concealing it, truly "a deed without a name." The

excuse of human interests may avail alike for all; he who gratifies anger consults a human interest; in pleasing his palate a human interest is consulted; he who tortures with mirth in an exciting sport still consults human interest; and wealth amassed by cruel toil is heaped together for a human interest; store is laid up, which gratifies the heirs at least, and after death, if there be no child or heir, it may endow a charity or found an hospital, no unfeeling minister of a wide benevolence and the most endearing claims; all these are human interests: do they furnish an excuse for cruelty?

In stooping to discriminate, amid the noxious mass of cruelty, some features of greater or less deformity—so far as any order can be observed, in an abysm of disorder—the refuse of confusion may more or less be ranked under four distinctive classes—the first outworks to be forbidden.

The *first* amid these heads of abuse seems to be the repetition of cruel experiments—from which conclusions have been already drawn—either for private gratification, or to divert the pupils of the

lecture-room. In the ordinary class of scientific exhibition the display of processes by the lecturer has an effect in fixing principles on the memory. These pictures in the horn-book of knowledge, to attract the scientific infants, may be undoubtedly permitted, to any degree, on inanimate matter. Acid or alkali may be poured as often as you please from vase to vase—it is interesting to follow a great mind, and track again the steps which led to a sublime discovery—the repetition, though we advance no further, is a pleasure and a gain; but when the blood of life, the affinities of being, the repulsion of pain, the attraction to existence, are the elements submitted to our hands, the moral tie should chain our arm; we must not repeat the irrelevant display of vital energies tested, subdued, or decomposed by pain.

While the skilful and profound may fall into this abuse, the *second* is more the province of the ignorant or half-informed. It consists in vivisection, pursued with an indefinite end, either indifferent to the results, so long as curiosity is gratified; or following results of which due information would exhibit the futility. The former species

of this reckless inhumanity has been carried to so disgraceful a height upon the continent, where every mode of incision, puncture, denudation, has been practised upon every member of the living frame, as caprice or accident may dictate; with as little purpose or forbearance, as if the morsels of live and bleeding matter were the sections of a plan which neither writhes, nor screams, nor groans. The contortion to the right or to the left—the convulsive stagger, produced by piercing different portions of the brain, whether the spasm of pain were rotatory or oblique, or advancing or retreating, the grin of agony, produced by severing such a facial nerve—these, with indifference or mirth, are written down, and the roll of horror named a register of *scientific facts.*

As an instance of the latter branch of this abuse, which arises in ignorance, we may relate an incident, which very clearly shows, that so long as hearts can be met with so obtuse, that agonies are matters of indifference; or heads so inconsiderate that, in an affair of serious weight, as the infliction of such agonies; no certain knowledge is acquired concerning their utility before

infliction, it is most hopelessly absurd, to say *discretion* should be the only guide. The discretion of the indiscreet, the self-government of the ungoverned, forms a kind of Lynch law, which, if men agree among themselves to suffer by, they have no title to inflict upon reluctant brutes. Those who have no law within, must feel the bond of law without—those on whom to be punished or unpunished is the sole rule of right and wrong, the law instructs in crime, when it does not terrify.*

In an accidental call upon a surgeon, he was found about to practise a *new* and *improved* method of taking up the arteries in amputation. We say *practise*, for it was not the first experimental operation: it was a *pleasing repetition* after the

* Too much repetition may be charged in our attacks upon discretion, but we would weary out by "iteration" those who persevere in defending it, conquer by continued shame, and wear resistance by efforts frequent if small; to use a beautiful expression of the ancient saying :—

"Vince de' sassi
Il nativo rigor *piccola stilla*
Collo spesso cader."

fact had been ascertained. A living dog was nailed by the feet to the table,—(we quote from recollection respecting the use of nails in this case, though it is a general practice. The hedgehog, for instance, cannot otherwise be dissected without a harsh sensation to the tender human cuticle. These operators seem fully aware of the nature of pain)—and the humane philosopher removed one shoulder from the living healthy animal. The arteries were then *twisted*, to prevent hemorrhage. The hind leg was then removed with the same tender delicacy, and preparations made to prolong the interesting occupation, and remove the leg and shoulder from the opposite side. But nature could support no more; had the iron boot brought the cold sweat drops on the monster's brow, and from his lips wrung congenial screams of agony; this only nurse of sympathy might have relieved the animal before: but death came; death, less inexorable than man, struck the compassionating blow, and ere the victim could be turned, signed its release.

Now, will it be believed, the twisting of arteries, to stop bleeding, in amputation, is not a

recent process? It is a means long banished; superseded as an inferior practice, in fact exploded; and yet this man, whose ignorance could trifle with a dog, had human life committed to him!

So much for discreetness, that even stream, to whose fleetly rolling current, we must commit the precious freight of animal existence!

The *third* abuse has characters most particularly belonging to itself: it is of great importance. The opinions of the most eminent surgeons are contained in the objections against it, and these objections involve within themselves, in the completest manner, an exposure of the entire system as a whole. Sir Charles Bell, Dr. Spurzheim, Herbert Mayo, are names before which their disciples ought at least to bow. An extreme of ignorance, or extreme inclination, must lead their pupils to practise what they disapprove. This, the third head of evil, is, the performing experiments so painful, that the results are fallacious and not to be depended on. Experiments which so harass the whole machinery of life, and disturb every natural function by the tempest of agony, that all

their acts are falsified. To use the words of a distinguished surgeon,* "*When nature, instead of being interrogated, is put to the question, she often gives false answers.*" This remarkable and unanswerable passage, more conclusive than the most laboured argument, is not the expression of an enemy, or used as an argument in opposition; it is a casual remark, arising in difference of opinion with another surgical inquirer. But it sweeps the whole field, and establishes the absurdity of the wicked practice. Without intention, it strikes a blow at the very root of these imitated tribunals of judicial torture,—these truly, without a figure, *experimenti crucis*, the cross of torture not of proof; and inadvertently affords the point of rest to overturn the cruel world.

Patience, justice, time, only hold the keys of wisdom. She neither will be bribed, nor have her secret treasures wrung by force. She has no regal pathway—*nor an executioner's fee.* The ancient errors which are only laughed at—at least when indignation sleeps—of extracting truth by

* Herbert Mayo. "Outlines of Physiology." London: Renshaw.

torture, are the counterpart, it seems, of anatomical investigations. And liberality and true justice demand alike the explosion of the latter as the former crime. We can extract the dew of truth only by gentle and persuasive means, wooed by patient assiduity. If we desire a true illumination, we must "smooth the raven down of darkness till it smiles"—smiles with the light of full perfected wisdom not with sparks, enforced as by the rugged flint, lost when seen;

> "Brief as the lightning in the collied night
> That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
> And ere a man has power to say, Behold!
> The jaws of darkness do devour it up;"

but a pure and lambent flame, shedding a slow but certain radiance, "shining more and more unto the perfect day." Knowledge, which can be ravished only by a crime, it never was intended should be known. Searching for light by such dark practices, falsehood presents herself for truth. Justly misled in the tangles of our barbarity, we wander into greater ignorance, multiply deeds without understanding, heap

> "ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
> Confusion worse confounded."

Perplexity alone can issue from the unconsecrated rites; and this unholy havoc mars the sweet face of nature, to mar alike our minds; arriving not at the goal we seek, but in the wilderness we deserve to find; gaining not greater truth, but falsehood and increasing error.

The fear of throwing obstacles in the way of due and proper ameliorations, has prevented many from looking so closely into this matter as it deserves, and induced them to give currency to the fictitious claims it has been represented to possess. We hope these will now form their own opinion.

There is a great deal of this useless barbarity practised by those immaterial materialists,—physico-moralists,—those cabinet-makers of the mind, the cranioscopists. As a means of improving the moral character of man, they have practised the most hideous cruelties upon brutes: would to God they would practise them upon one another!

"Expose themselves to feel what wretches feel."

The most respectable architect, if not the founder,

of this system, Dr. Spurzheim, was always opposed to those execrable trials on the living brain, which the herd of paltry sutlers in his camp pursue, in spite of his command. His opposition on this point was in the unfair warfare of argument used as an imputation on his sincerity, and that he dreaded such a means of detection. But he very justly maintained that it is impossible to discriminate between the general disturbance the system must receive by injury so severe as a destruction of the brain, and that local disturbance which it is the intention to produce. That shocking outrage (committed in the metropolis of the North) noticed at a public meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is one of these "crimes of fools." What is termed the *organ of attachment* was seared by a red-hot iron, to discover if the animal *would forget its master.* Such a master the poor creature would with difficulty forget. These are the species of experiments which are complacently recorded in treatises for benefiting the *moral condition* of mankind. The conscience seared already as by fire must mislead these tyrants, and the moral sense be entirely wanting in such minds. Mankind is not yet sunk so low

as to demand improvement from their precepts or their means.

It is hopeless to address advice to these; they mock at their own founder, and the parent of their mystery; unacquaintance with authorities out of their own pale may be expected and more easily pardoned. Indeed, we do not perceive how such minds can know any thing that it is becoming should be known. But, for the satisfaction of others, and to conclude, without question or dispute, the discussion of this abuse, we will quote from the lectures of Sir Charles Bell:— "Experiments of this nature" (mutilation of the brain) "have failed and must fail. These experiments always and necessarily involve a great shock to the nervous system in general; their effects cannot be confined to the parts cut out." This extract does not allude to metaphysical, absurd researches; it comments on physiological inquiry into parts of the body, for the purpose of their treatment in disease. Here it is conclusive; in what light, then, must it place the inquisition, not by the gliding knife, but actual cautery, into the fine essence

of the mind, and the evanescent transitory changes of mental affection!

The fourth and last abuse we now arrive at. There seems enough already hinted at to condemn, enough to "weep and wail and knock the breast," "horror upon horror heaped—"

> "But in the lowest deep, a lower deep
> Still threatens to devour;"

and discovers a branch of vivisection, against which the law should measure its severest penalty, one which execration ought to hunt from every place that owns the step of man. The colleges of fiends, which tutor evil spirits in "deeds thrice damned," are the only seats which even fancy paints it should inhabit in.

This is the practice of vivisection by the young; it is difficult to write upon the subject. Its disastrous consequences appear to be so glaring, that it might be thought a single word upon them were unnecessary. *But, the practice exists,* it could not if appreciated—it is permitted, and how will it be possible to find any language

that shall make an impression which the strong and hideous colours of the fact itself have failed to do?

This abuse may be triply divided:—when carried on by the professor, for the instruction of the pupil; when carried on by the pupil under the direction of the professor; and lastly, when arise the trials of apprenticeship, the donkey races of vivisection, the rabble day, when, the chair vacated, the pupils also are left to their *discretion*, and, to the best of their ability, imitate what they have seen the more experienced perform. That it is at all necessary for the instruction of students that these atrocities should be exhibited before them, we entirely disaffirm. But if it were necessary for any degree of improvement, consider at what a tremendous moral sacrifice that improvement is gained! Vast, indeed, must be the disadvantage of its loss, amounting to no less than the entire cessation of medical relief and surgical practice, that can warrant the persevering in it. It is not the interest only of those swarms of immolated victims, the dumb innocents of the animal world, that are at stake, our own are deeply mingled; and

when we consider what precious confidences are intrusted in after life to the swordsmen of this arena, we should pause, with serious thought, upon a practice which renders firm the hand by making hard the heart, and compensates the power of avoiding pain, by fixing an indifference whether it be given; tutored by a vague slashing of the knife on creatures where pain is not regarded—or regarded with no dread of reputation lost, no prospect of pecuniary injury, reproaching friends, nor slander's biting tongue.

The most solemn acts commence in silence, a serious stillness precedes the most violent efforts; the assembled enemies, who, in a moment, confounded in their rage, will rend the very crest of heaven with their cries, are still as death; would that as peacefully, but with as much impressiveness, we could breathe the serious importance of this theme upon the heart; make it steal like the invisible but resistless step of time, and seize the understanding as a dream. Is it a means that for an instant we can think of—a means to bring our miseries relief, to alleviate sickness, that those ministers to the couch of pain, who have to soothe the

pang, to bring the healing balm, to yield the tenderest feelings peace in the deepest agony—should steep their hands in needless gore, and dye their very hearts in reeking depths of pain; seek, as it were, a stream that, like the infernal flood, shall bathe them with invulnerable fierceness to the heel—be amid sights which feeling cannot see and live; where, between sinking faintness, and a heart of steel, no medium can intervene;—to fill the ears with screams of living creatures, shrieking with yells such as victims might be conceived to utter, pierced by the teeth of fiends, and lean upon the streaming limbs, bleeding with life; till habit breeds indifference as thorough as the pain is infinite, and regardlessness at last completes the scene. Can any thing but frenzy's worst delusion, consider it no wrong to commit youth's tenderest years to such a tutelage?

We feel ashamed to speak against a practice, as obviously fatal as absurd; we are ashamed to believe that it exists, ashamed that it ever for a moment could have existence, and when that was known, ashamed that time should ever have been given to remark upon it: like the threatening

speech of Cæsar to Metellus, "It is harder to say this thing than do it;" so ought it here to have been much harder to condemn than to abolish, and judgment should have overtaken the pace of time.

We only wish that every person who feels any interest in this cruelty could induce their acquaintance of the profession to communicate a part of what they have seen. It is the enterprising nature of youth to shut the eyes on painful difficulty, and conquer every scruple, if taught to believe it is a duty for their advancement. From endeavouring not to feel, the natural progress is to emulate indifference, and at last out-dare each other in cruelty. The fault lies in those who permit the initiation; trust juvenile indiscretion with deeds of sumless value, and compel youth to think that pity is a weakness, and a manly scientific vigour is insensibility in causing pain, or acuteness in devising it.

Even if we lay aside the weighty moral interests involved in this debasing practice, and consider it in the light we are sometimes urged to view it, as

a preliminary in teaching skill for serious operations on the human form,—(we say, laying all moral considerations aside, and the question whether we have a right to make these creatures the hacking-blocks for our infirmity)—is it not an absurd proposal to teach care through wantonness, and by recklessness a proper anxiety? With equal purpose we should plunge youth into profligate extravagance, as the means to teach economy. It is a desperate experiment to sow vice with the chance of reaping virtue. As remarked before, while the hand grows firm, the heart grows hard; and the power of avoiding pain is counterbalanced by indifference whether it be given.

Young men depart from the bosom of their mothers' home, to pursue this profession; and when all is learned, return again to other homes, to bear the fruits of knowledge and alleviating skill. Let the parents reflect "whither he goeth, and whence he cometh;" what stains are borne from the wine-press he has been treading. Let them cease to believe that this education in torment is necessary; that knowledge demands it as a just and reasonable sacrifice; that the path of

reputation must be lighted by the torch of crime. "Simeon and Levi are brethren; instruments of cruelty are in their habitation. O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united." Let your sons not join the school that gains its pupils and its celebrity from practices like these. Yield to the impulse of nature; shudder with a parent's feelings, and shun the false advice that says indifference is a duty to your child. Let sympathy safely conduct the judgment, and reflect if hands so practised you would choose to tend upon every link that most closely binds you; and form opinions upon your own consideration.

Indeed, it appears inconceivable how men are found who can follow or encourage vivisection. Is there an exclusive line drawn around them, cutting them out from life, perfectly insulated? Do they own no sacred ties? Are there no female bosoms near their hearth to bleed at the recital? Do the hands which tear the victims pass from those acts to the innocent caress of childhood? Alike with their own offspring, are these filled with innocence

and affection?* does no conscientious pang remind them? That tremendous scene, of piercing sublimity, betwixt Priam and Achilles,—

κύσε χεῖρας
Δεινὰς, ἀνδροφόνους, αἳ οἱ πολέας κτάνον υἷας,

is trifling to this. Do their children, clothed in the smiling grace of infancy, "kiss those terrible hands, destroyers, which have slain so many sons?" sons, with them, of inestimable life, and brothers in artlessness, purity, and affection. If it could be proved (after all that has been written) that it is necessary to do these things, who is the man that would choose to do them; gratuitous executioner on unoffending innocence? Who is the man would take this post for reputation, and, needing to be famous, seek notoriety? Hundreds of surgeons never have practised vivisection; and in the wide champaigns of benevolence, and fields of useful exercise, what sounds the call into this dark and

* "Voyez, nous sommes amis!" was the characteristic pleasantry of M. Magendie, when a lively favourite fawned round his neck, before the process of dissection. In a few moments the skin was stripped from the poor dupe of treachery.

dreadful corner? Little does the unconscious public, reading the scientific treatise, and admiring the brilliant discovery, the philosophical research, the lucid sequel, little does it reflect upon the means employed, or consider,—worse than the carnage of the battle field, where honour rises in heroic ardour, a willing sacrifice,—how these laurels of the charnel-house are won.

The whip, the cord, the nail, have led their forces to the field, and kept them there; and science is no name to justify such deeds. As written by the great philosopher, whose noble motto heads this section, "the glory of the Creator" must precede, and always rule, "the relief of man's estate." The Creator's glory cannot be forwarded by infernal means; by nothing contravening this glory, is it permitted that man's estate shall be relieved; still less must "lucre," "reputation," "inquisitive appetite," be the heralds to such deeds. Science is no title to violate any the smallest charity; nor may we in its name depart from any laws, or violate religious precept, more than by the influence of other pursuits, either of sense or thought, which

may bias the heart or understanding, and delude them from the path of Christian duty.

The boast of science is an empty claim, founded on other principles; as well remarked by Fontenelle,* and by Dr. Brown commented on, our modern science is a method to supply the deficiency of sense; spectacles to the blind and crutches to the lame; could we see into interior matter, detect the ineffable motions of affinity, traverse space with sight, behold all that our faculties are too gross to penetrate, or too feeble to attain, its arts, its theories, its phraseology might end. With no higher view than the record of its acts, and complacency in their performance, what do anatomy or chemistry become, but operations of the shambles or the kitchen, mere carving and cookery? conducted in foreign phrase, and mathematic calculation,—a tattered tribe of alien tongues, hanging about our native language, like the fantastic coat of Harlequin. Nor have those been wanting who consider our pride in science as misplaced, and demand they

* Plurality of Worlds.

may be shown, while every year the body is more tenderly provided for, what improvement has been gained to the nobler part of man?—conceiving that the difficulties of matter which have been removed, cease to stimulate or fortify the soul.—The mind requiring hardships to make it firm; obstacles, to teach it patience; and earthly stings, that it may soar on high; in fact,—that mind is busily engaged to enervate succeeding mind.

This is the sum:—a benevolent Being, the universal Father, beneath the canopy of space—the infinite receptacle of worlds, studded with stars of silver, lamp after lamp jettying or retreating in the perspective of infinity, concealed from our sight only by vaporous clouds, emblems of the misty dreams which cloud the mental heaven, or by the golden glory of the parent sun, whose flood of light rolls over the abyss of darkness, and those points of light which make that darkness visible—has framed this tenement of earth, our little world; and, as in space, the cloud, the jewelled darkness, and the solar light, share in turns, and reign, so does our mortal state partake of

change. The cloud of evil, the darkness of eternity, gemmed with distant lights of hope, and the flush of joy and animated being, form alternately the colour of existence. From the infinite Being downwards, to the finite man, spirits innumerable fill the countless regions; spirit varying from spirit, substance refining into substance, subtle and more rare, ten thousand modes of being, through all the vast immensity which fancy dares to glance at, but cannot conceive: that same principle which rules within our little spot maintained, to leave no space unpeopled, and give all inhabitants some differing shade of form, of nature, and degree—an excess of wonderful variety. Arriving, then, at man, who is placed "a little lower than the angels," we stand upon the eminence of our authority, and look down on those subjected to us beneath; leaving behind the denizens of infinity, whose company we know not, though we are known to them; and all the hosts of corporate forms bound to locality, dwellers in other mansions, made like ours to hold their interests and their cares alone; wherein perchance with some may pride inhabit, or other energies, distorted or undeformed,—qualities of moral or intellectual being, as unknown and un-

conceived by us as are the forms of substance, or ethereal spirits that enfold them. Leaving these, not as indifferent ciphers, but corresponding links in the vast chain of entity, we look down upon those visible beings which fill the mansion of existence in this terrestrial orb. And as we may conceive of all this world of spirits around and above us, though unseen, that some of their inhabitants are ministers, and bear the destinies and tend the fate of man, and of other dwellers upon other earths, scattered through the abyss; a family, to finite thought, of distant brethren; so should we frame our conduct on this imagined model, (imagined on the ground of just analogy,) and own a parent's care over our terrestrial domain.

> "Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
> God-like erect, with native honour clad,
> In native majesty seemed lords of all."

And a benevolent Sovereign reigning over all creation, we should reign alike in kindness as in form. These existences, from the tremendous lion to the tiny sportive squirrel, that vaults across the air the sovereign roars in, and the little dormouse underground, that waves the sleek honours of its amber tail, some are our assistants and our friends,

all were companions once, and play-mates; justly may we avail ourselves of all within due limited bounds. But as light and darkness share the vault of heaven, and twilight, the child and sister of the two, confer the holy shades of mystery, so has nature made some things plain, stars of knowledge scattered over the vast scope of ignorance, which serve to make the darkness plainer; some she has concealed, some left doubtful, and covered with a veil. We must not rend asunder this modest decency—rude violators of her sanctuary—profaning secret functions which she delicately covers. With all the state and harmony of nature, a guilty inconsistency, at variance with the glorious scheme, and foreign to the co-subordinate trust we hold. Science is no name that, muttered as a spell, dissolves our bonds, and severs holy ties asunder, to license shameless curiosity. The sacred fount of life springs in a hidden cave of mystery; this no approach can penetrate, though with hair's-breadth refinement we slit the strings which yield the melody, the evanescent harmony must still escape our grasp; life and death cannot be seen by mortal eye united, and though the pains inflicted are as acute as the smallest, finest fibre,

infinitely finer is the seat wherein the spirit resides—life and death are parallels uniting only in infinity. The tree of life bears no fruit for mortal lip, and we may cease at once the cruel, hopeless search that never will be attained; hardening no hearts, from the grave professor's misspent time, to the youthful pupil's pernicious hours.

A deeper knowledge (its votaries say) has been attained of the mysteries of creation, to elevate the soul towards their Author; we trust this knowledge *does always elevate the soul.* God has been served before. The circulation of the blood, the powers of the volent and the returning nerves, these inquiries have discriminated. Are these facts known by them? Then let the experiments be performed no more. There needs no repetition, nor peculiar honour to the means which gained the knowledge. Iscariot sold the innocent blood, we reap the benefit, but neither hope the praise, nor the reward; the acts have been permitted, and knowledge rises from them, but for their merit, "what is that to us? see thou to that." It is said there are many shades of conduct in this practice, many branches to discover, varying in

degrees of pain, parts varying in sensibility to be acted on; these niceties are not for us to discriminate, each culprit may define his guilt, and measure its amount against its gain, and draw the defensive line; we hold no parley with an armed marauder, a convenient enemy; treaty succeeds to fight, when the antagonist is low: into our chamber the tyrant's minister does not enter, we have no wish to choose betwixt the dagger and the bowl; nor lecture on their differences. This at least we have seen upon their own indisputable testimony; that knowledge flies from pain, and the most tormenting trials are the worst —in fruits as well as present crime; the further we depart from the mild rule of nature, the more does hazard lead us from the truths of patient observation. Left in the

> "wild abyss
> where Chaos umpire sits,
> And by decision more embroils the fray;"

Neither have we been able to prove that he, clothed in a decent garb, surrounded by assistants clad likewise well, their very acts habited in the disguise of learned idiom, assuming a superior pretension, exhibits any greater eminence, how-

ever solemnly his motions are performed, than the poor tattered wretch, who, in some dark corner, skins the same animals equally alive—the actions differing only in the name.

That comprehensive wisdom which spanned the whole scope of human acquisition; with marvellous perspicacity, drew in cool dignity the lines, and marked the acts of future centuries, has unlocked the gates of natural science, and gained admission for the inhabitants of earth within the precinct. Great as are the advantages to our temporal condition, of the change of study which he indicated, yet the wisdom of his natural science forms but one speck in the immensity of his majestic mind—that field was vacant, and he pointed out the vacancy—one member of the host of knowledge. And correspondingly he did not uphold this science as a wonder for pre-eminent and contesting minds, but a field filled with plain paths for plainer men, a useful key to nature's riddles; and rather than feel a pride in science, we should look with shame upon succeeding centuries, which rolled from human faculty in vain. We should reflect how long upon such simple points the understanding

went astray, and for the light we have now attained into the inventions of the great Architect, should remain more reverential and submissive; pride should not lead us into cruelty or wrong, but with a deep humiliation for the years of clouded darkness, be grateful to that Omniscience which imparted so much light to one of his creatures, that, amid the cloud and mists of error, he was enabled to point out the path of truth.

To be cruel for the sake of science, is merely to be cruel for our own convenience. Knowledge has its prejudice as well as ignorance, and could the founder of our philosophy repair to earth, he might discover that idolatry of matter had replaced idolatries of mind, and apply correction to the opposite extreme. What is very common can scarcely be very excellent, and popular opinions are generally mixed with error. If the venerable teacher were a marvel all his children are not miracles. Too often do scientific men appear to take credit to themselves for all the wonders they catch a glimpse of, and endeavour to explain; regard the theory as if they had made the fact, forgetting they are merely nature's

showmen, and assume a tone as if inventors and possessors of the scene they pore upon. Much nearer to the true dimensions of our learning, compared with the estimate at which we sometimes place them, is the picture drawn by a modern genius, who after an almost polar interval, illuminates the field of human literature. One fertile as the Spanish Vega, who like the sun which shines alike on all events, sees with a searching eye all character, and gilds alike the lofty and the mean.

As we have remarked before, those who desire this practice and seek their occupation in it—let them establish its distinctive shades, point out what human benefit requires, and what denies, and take the burden of the proof upon themselves; we deny their title; and would rather bear the blame of prejudice, and hear our pleading charged as the mere fanaticism of humanity, than yield one atom of the consecrated ground of life and pain. An Italian poet has remarked, "If justice used all its rigour the earth would quickly be a desert;" so, were all the victims armed with retributive justice, it is certain a desert would best describe the empty seats of these professors and

their excruciatory abodes of torture. At the worst, supposing the practice to be continued, and the *wanton, unregulated dissection of live animals* to remain, (which God forbid!) uninterfered with, even upon their own grounds there remains one consolation; when every part has been examined and suffered its full measure of injustice, and all the *principles* are established, *the excuse itself will be at an end.*

We must now conclude, would that our efforts had reached the measure of our will; that we could have raised a head of power above the troubled waves of cruelty and outrage, that like the placid head of Neptune might have sank the Ocean into peace. A voice like the wise man's

"Pietate gravem, ac meritis,
. . . . . .
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet,"

we might then have hoped our wishes would be fulfilled, our precepts obeyed, and the visions of the future gazed on with enthusiasm, might have been realized in the present. But far as this influence exceeds our efforts, it still surpasses possibility. Deaf to the most persuasive voice,

proof to the "tongues of men and angels," the hardest hearts will only yield to time; this power no mortal bosom can defy; opinion, the air and storm of intellectual being, personifies the atmospheric change which melts the adamantine rock, and wears to crumbling dust all human error in the process of decay. Yet let those believe who turn a scornful eye upon our theme and obstinately hug their cruelty, let them be assured, their pride degrades them and is not honourable; they are sinking when they think they rise, their power is only weakness, they lose a thousand enchanting innocent pleasures for their one poor gain of gratified cruelty; they are deaf and blind to the voice and aspect of nature, they have eyes but they see not, ears but they hear not, neither do they understand, there is a film upon their visual ray that kindness alone can purge; they know not how dark and cold and wretched is their comparative state, nor what glorious freedom waits them did they cast off their prison house of cruelty; they injure what they would otherwise love, they torture what they would cherish, make dark where they should scatter light, destroy the harmonies of nature, and introduce a foul and reckless discord;

they may think themselves cultivated or refined, or learned or wise, or skilful or strong, but they are rude and dull, and dark and foolish, with all their pride shut out from what should make them proud; intoxicated with their shame they are

> "the race
> Of that vile rout which tore the Thracian Bard
> In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
> To rapture, till the savage clamour drowned
> Both harp and voice."

They prefer the summons of a wild and brutal will to the sweet voice of nature, and too often have they added human sacrifices to their rage, they have hated those who sang to them of peace, and tore the bard who wished to cultivate and humanize their hearts. Kindness was indeed the charm of Orpheus;

> "the barbarous dissonance
> Of Bacchus and his followers,"

no other than the voice of drunken votaries of cruelty and sport; they chased the beasts and smote the hand that charmed them, human brutishness dissolved the spell of brute refinement; and yet, as most resembling that rout, the vivi-

sectors may literally be compared, they indeed "scatter the limbs in divers places"—

> Caput, Hebre, lyramque
> Excipis: et (mirum!) medio dum labitur amne
> Flebile nescio quid queritur lyra, flebile lingua
> Murmurat exanimis, respondent flebile ripæ.

When their victims, gliding down the river of death, leave the popular stream of life for the eternal shore, and bearing, with their mangled bodies, their spirit, which is their lyre, the harp of life, tuned to being by the Creator's hand, a mortal with an immortal unison; we know not what complaint, louder than lifeless murmurs, it may utter, distuned by man's fierce hand to jarring discord. We know not what mournful orisons the shores of death may bear along to greet the morn of future being, what plaintive echoes may respond. To "be again," and give account for all our mercies and our cruel deeds, is the privilege man's sovereignty involves. And if these creatures do not rise again to stand beside us at the eternal bar, yet in that land where all is wonder, on foreign sands complaints as wonderful may float upon the air, peopled with accusing tongues; a voice like that which sounded in the garden at the cool of day

to Adam, and later asked of Cain, "Where is thy brother," may be heard, requiring of us, "Where are thy brethren in life, and joy, and pain?" wantonly persecuted, and arrogant destruction may receive its final recompence.

Were it necessary to point out and prove, by instances of history, the connexion between cruelty to animals and to men, look for a great example at enormous Rome, before the axe of judgment fell upon her root, how men and brutes, in their unheard-of sports, were mingled in one barbarous mass of savage infamy. We see there, where all the ties of life were loosened, "given over to a reprobate mind," how immorality towards man, and cruelty towards brutes, reached hand-in-hand the utmost limit of hideousness.

The first Christian emperor, in his edicts, showed the influence of the faith he had received; in more barbarous times he set us an example which, now civilised, shall we not follow, and, in purer times, practise with proportionate purity? Our task is more easy as our evils are less. We need not

fear, like the monk Telemachus,* to be immolated for our interference, by a savage populace, more savage than the beasts whose fierceness they delighted in; we have no insufficient laws—the hand of power relaxed, to bend before unconquerable custom. There is less to do, therefore the little which remains should be more completely done.

If the tales of remote Egyptian purity and strictness be not fables, consider the justice which reigned when animals were regarded;† and fabulous if they be, the narrative shows, at least, in such ancient times of heathenism, these virtues were associated in the mind; how much more then shall they associate in Christian duty and practice? Abundant notices might be pointed to, if necessary, in pagan history, to show the regard in which this species of humanity was held; but such examples, as Christians, we do not need. In modern

† It has been assumed, in works on this subject, but with more than doubtful correctness, that the edict of Constantine on gladiatorial combats, consulted animal as well as human cruelty.

* The religious rites in worship of them are not here alluded to.

times it may, perhaps, be found not uninstructive to direct attention to one foreign kingdom, where that species of cruelty which we have last condemned,* is practised in the open theatres of science for the amusement of an indiscriminate auditory and the profit of the lecturer; it may, perhaps, be not without its lesson to recollect that in the kingdom where these public exhibitions of the lecture-room took place, those scenes were acted on the stage of human life, over which nearly fifty years have passed, but of which fifty centuries will not be able to expunge the memory.

One proposal we desire to make, with all deference. It is presuming to propose to add even a hair's-breath to that which is venerable; to add is to change, and to change also is to take away. All persons must have felt the value of the prayers of the church; they are no fugitive and transitory records of fleeting devotion, they are the survivors of centuries; as we pray, so the holiest and the

* Is there any connexion between this foreign importation, and the *use of the knife in quarrels*, which is unhappily gaining so much ground in this country?

wisest men have prayed before us: while the momentary spirit of changing sects has left no trace on earth, these memorials have remained unaltered, renew in age the piety of youth, and to the power of holiness add the tie of memory. Amid these precious relics might not a petition be inserted, supplicating the Universal Father to bestow a spirit of brotherly union upon all his creatures, and fill our hearts with tenderness and humility towards these our servants, as well as towards our human kind? The duty of enforcing this mercy would be no longer left to accident or disposition, it would be fixed in our minds with every other obligation, and walk, hand-in-hand, as an acknowledged virtue, our attention to it constantly recalled. The impressions of one month would not be effaced by the forgetfulness of the next; they would be strengthened from week to week, from year to year, and, universally diffused, become a part of the very soul and body of the nation; a blessed legacy to our heirs and descendants for ever, renewed by time and increased by memory. And let it not be thought that such a prayer would imply a censure of omission upon those who framed the liturgy; then was not the time; the

fire and sword, the faggots of persecution hung too imminently over man's own head; nor can we better show our sense of relief from those calamities than by praying we may be disposed to share the mercies so conferred with them who likewise were created, not to suffer, but to enjoy.

We will no further urge a subject upon which others are fitter to decide. We would now address a few parting remarks to the benevolent, and point out what a pure and innocent field here lies open for their exertions, and the application of their means. The efforts made in favour of animals will never be repulsed nor mingled with the bitter dregs of ingratitude; we here can nurse no traitor in the bosom. The funds contributed to the alleviation of cruelty can never be misapplied. Charities there are, where by our interference, we scarcely know whether we do ill or well. We take poor children; we may exhibit, and clothe, and educate them, but we cannot insure their good behaviour or gratitude. We are not certain but our kindness places them on a different and worse footing than their fellows, with whom they must afterwards mingle, and create artificial habits, ren-

dering them unfit for the society of those they were born amongst, while we have it not in our power to make them the associates of ourselves, and they are left unsettled, hanging in society between their wants and their desires. None of these sceptical excuses can throw difficulties in the path of the benefactor of animals, or furnish a defence for the closed purse and the averted eye; the subject is very simple, and when pain is prevented or removed, no ill consequences can follow. Were we to devote our attention to rendering the youth of animals delicate and luxurious, and then turn them upon the world to labour as they might; the means might be well denied, but ours is no such scheme; we wish to watch and guard throughout their toil those who cannot protect themselves, and spare them the sufferings of a decaying and tormented age—the commonest duty which gratitude prescribes for the benefits we have derived.

In all schools,* and in all places where edu-

* What shocking scenes are sometimes seen in public schools! rats running skinned alive, birds hopping without feathers, and excused sometimes, on the ground that it keeps boys out of mischief! —See Note I.

cation exists, let kindness to animals be made a principal feature, and there is at once this advantage and this facility in deterring from cruelty, that it meets its own reward, and simply to deter from harshness does not conclude the scene; but there is a bright reverse to the picture, which will infinitely repay those who cultivate it, and must deter from future cruelty. And here we may remark, that while the stars, the plants, the objects of inanimate creation, read a silent lesson, from these creatures endowed with life and motion, precepts may be gathered for action as well as thought. A most striking feature in the beings of the animal world, is the earnest, ready confidence with which they give themselves up to intercourse with man when once they are assured from injury. To watch the playful gambols of a tame bird,* a squirrel, or other wild creature, it appears as if an inherent hereditary knowledge remained of companionship with man, which temporary fear interrupted, but which they were eager to renew. The wilder their nature, the more removed from human haunts their native place, the freer and franker is their confidence

* See Note K.

when tamed; the generous feeling of tradition more undisturbed. There appears a fascination in the friendship of these creatures so different from the cruel state of wildness and fear in which they are usually compelled to live with us, that might melt a heart of stone.

The natural discrimination of these unarticulating creatures, is also a marvellous and instructive property for the observation of youth. They have more penetration into character than man, with his boasted experience; they can tell at first sight those who love from those who hate them; and, what is still more beautiful, and seems to speak more clearly their uncorrupted nature, and to hold out to our notice memorials of that first period, when man was also pure, they attach themselves most readily, and love most, the simple, the artless, and the natural, and shun the crafty, the cold-hearted and selfish. They are able to feel for those who feel for them; a singular and mysterious property. We might write till our hearts ached, over the exquisite qualities of animal affection left desolate and unfulfilled.

It is a consideration which ought forcibly to

impress every considerate mind, that for the injuries we inflict on brutes we can make no recompence. They have no scope of mental desires through which we can offer, for the pain inflicted on the body, compensation to the soul. We cannot award them damages in money or goods, nor give them honour, nor reputation, nor sympathy, either on themselves or their descendants; how doubly cautious then ought we to be of inflicting injuries for which,—let our hearts bleed with regret, and ache with desire,—we never can make amends.

We desire not to inculcate a foolish and selfish fondness for brutes, a lavish absurdity of frivolous kindness to pets, lap-dogs upon down cushions, pampered with chicken and house-fed lamb. This, indeed, is casting the "children's bread to dogs." A plain, honest, rational abstinence from cruelty we desire to enforce from principles of religion, from reverence to God, and a kindness of heart which originates in these. A universal observance of such conduct would produce effects, the amount of which we are at present little able to foretell; instead of being objects of terror in the universe,

we might from tyrants, become princes in a noble mansion, surrounded by free and happy subjects. As of old, the Eastern shepherds called their flocks by the sound of the voice, and walking before them, led the confiding train to pasture from valley to valley, and from hill to hill; so might we take our proper station of pre-eminence at the head of the animal world, and lead with joy those we now drive with fear.

Never more let pride induce us to a neglect of their wants, their interests, and their pains. Pride thought it once beneath our dignity to legislate for their protection; pride, that notion of our dignity, the sin by which the angels fell, the principal vice which we possess, that animals are without; which marks the distinction between them and us, in that case, on our side, a distinction of inferiority.

To use the magnificent language of a writer of unlimited capacity:—"My reconcilement with the human kind in general might not be so difficult, if they would be content with those vices and follies only, which nature has entitled them to; this is all according to the due course of

things: but when I behold a lump of deformity and diseases, both in body and mind, smitten with pride, it immediately breaks all the measures of my patience; neither shall I be ever able to comprehend how such an animal, and such a vice, could tally together."

To look upon man and animals in the light of such a comparison may be called humiliating, but it is painfully correct, and consistent with Christian precepts. The want of innocence, and the possession of pride, are the features, when compared with animals, which are characteristic of man. Hence arise the host of human ills—in the knowledge of good and evil, and pride in the acquirement.

> "knowledge of good lost, and evil got,
> Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill."

This is man's prime difference from brutes, which he follows up by vaunting all this knowledge, and taking an eager pride in the smallest superiority, either above beasts or fellow men. Man, as differing from other animals, may be defined, a creature seek-

ing praise; the food of pride, a necessary of his existence. In the desire of this arise "hatred, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness." The purest lightness, the most undisguised simplicity, resembling most the artlessness of uncorrupted nature; these are the qualities exposed the most to those detested vices; against which they level all their wiles. There are no conspiracies of evil to degrade superior innocence, to annoy superior endowment; no envy of superior happiness, and schemes of malice to poison it, found amid the animal creation, inferior to man; and surely all our capacity for good, and all our actions of that kind, are fully counterbalanced by our propensity and pride in wrong. On what is Christianity founded but on a sense of this humilitation and abasement? the light which is to illuminate our darkness comes not from us, the hand of Infinite condescension that is to raise us is not our own. On what then do we ground our despite of animals? not upon their mortal structure. We have all the breath of life; in holy writ, the beast, as well as the man, is said to have a "living soul"—

"That which befalleth the sons of men

befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast: for all is vanity."

"All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again."

This is the picture of our mortality, and it is only by using the immortal faculties—gentleness, mercy benevolence,—that we can establish a higher claim.

No more, at least, will legislation be opposed upon the deceptive grounds of pride; the first measure though rejected, nevertheless, in the concluding language of the magnanimous projector (in the wreath of whose well-earned honours this is the sweetest and most gracious flower), has indeed become not only "an honour to the country, but an era in the history of the world."

That principle is now acknowledged, which was defended, but in vain, by another legislator,*

* Speech of Sir Samuel Romilly, June, 1809, on Lord Erskine's Bill: ' 'It was a great public interest that the people of this country

(and whose words and the words of all who raised their voices in the first defence of animals, should be carefully and reverentially preserved as the first relics of a blessed dawn,) that cruelty to animals cannot improve our national character; and following the path of truth, which law at last has sanctioned, we shall be led through wandering mazes and gentle plains to edifices like enchanted castles of humanity, which as yet we dream not of, and shall behold in time,—

> "scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,—
> Scenes of accomplished bliss."

We have passed through all classes, addressed our advice to all: let us exert the concluding effort of persuasion.

> "So from the root
> Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
> More airy, last the bright consummate flower
> Spirits odorous breathes:"

Charities are the flower and emblem of a Christian commonwealth—their cultivation, in these days of

should not be cruel, and it was well known that cruelty to animals, led the way to cruelty to our fellow creatures. We really

peace, the pre-eminent avocation of a Christian Ruler; and where, in all the circuit of humanities, shall one be found more kindred to the female heart, more appropriate to that sex in which compassion forms the brightest ornament, than the protection of these thralls of Human Empire? Under the sanction of a female reign, unusual acts of kindness may be performed, ancient customs of cruelty swept away. Before the will of mercy in a female Sovereign all must bow; it being at once her sex's right and duty to command. The object of regal cruelties is ended—let their extinction follow. The monarch Patroness of a society for the defence of animals, the spirit should fulfil the letter to the extreme.

The Roman poet, concluding his resounding strain, deemed he had worked out an everlasting monument, more durable than brass or marble, beyond the tooth of sword, or fire, or time; yet what is this, what are the glories of the Cæsars, what the fame of the first emperor of the earth, what

believe this Bill might be considered in a great degree a Bill for the prevention of cruel murders."

the honour of all monarchs; compared to that honour, that fame, that glory, that everlasting monument, a deathless name, recording, imperishable as eternity, the first monarchic vindicator of the slaves of man?

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

THE SPEECH OF LORD ERSKINE, IN THE HOUSE OF PEERS, ON 15TH OF MAY, 1809, ON THE SECOND READING OF THE BILL FOR PREVENTING MALICIOUS AND WANTON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

My Lords,

I am now to propose for the humane consideration of the House a subject which has long occupied my attention, and which, I own to your Lordships, is very near my heart.

It would be a painful and disgusting detail, if I were to endeavour to bring before you the almost innumerable instances of cruelty to animals, which are daily occurring in this country, and which, unfortunately, only gather strength by any efforts of humanity in individuals to repress them without the aid of the law.

These unmanly and disgusting outrages are most frequently perpetrated by the base and worthless; incapable, as they are for the most part of any reproof

which can reach the mind, and who know no more of the law, than that it suffers them to indulge their savage dispositions with impunity.

Nothing is more notorious than that it is not only useless, but dangerous, to poor suffering animals, to reprove their oppressors, or to threaten them with punishment. The general answer, with the addition of bitter oaths and increased cruelty, is, What is that to you?

If the offender be a servant, he curses you, and asks if you are his master? and if he be the master himself, he tells you that the animal is his own. Every one of your Lordships must have witnessed scenes like this. A noble Duke, whom I do not see in his place, told me, only two days ago, that he had lately received this very answer. The validity of this most infamous and stupid defence, arises from that defect in the law which I seek to remedy. Animals are considered as property only—to destroy or to abuse them, from malice to the proprietor, or with an intention injurious to his interest in them, is criminal: but the animals themselves are without protection—the law regards them not substantively —they have no rights!

I will not stop to examine whether public cruelty to animals may not be, under many circumstances, an indictable offence; I think it is, and if it be, it is so much the better for the argument I am about to submit to your Lordships. But if even this were clearly so, it would fall very short of the principle which I mean anxiously and earnestly to invite the House to adopt. I am to ask your Lordships, in the name of that God

who gave to man his dominion over the lower world, to acknowledge and recognise that dominion to be a moral trust. It is a proposition which no man living can deny, without denying the whole foundation of our duties; and every thing the Bill proposes will be found to be absolutely corollary to its establishment, except, indeed, that, from circumstances inevitable, the enacting part will fall short of that which the indisputable principle of the preamble would warrant.

Nothing, my Lords, in my opinion, is more interesting than to contemplate the helpless condition of man with all his godlike faculties, when stripped of the aids which he receives from the numerous classes of inferior beings, whose qualities, and powers, and instincts, are admirably and wonderfully constructed for his use. If, in the examination of these qualities, powers, and instincts, we could discover nothing else but that admirable and wonderful construction for man's assistance; if we found no organs in the animal for their own gratification and happiness—no sensibility to pain or pleasure—no grateful sense of kindness, nor suffering from neglect or injury—no senses analogous, though inferior, to our own: if we discovered, in short, nothing but mere animated matter, obviously and exclusively subservient to human purposes, it would be difficult to maintain that the dominion over them was a trust; in any other sense, at least, than to make the best use for ourselves of the property in them which Providence had given us. But, my Lords, it calls for no deep or extended skill in natural history to know that the very reverse of this is the case, and that God is the benevolent

and impartial author of all that he has created. For every animal which comes in contact with man, and whose powers, and qualities, and instincts, are obviously constructed for his use, Nature has taken the same care to provide, and as carefully and bountifully as for man himself, organs and feelings for its own enjoyment and happiness. Almost every sense bestowed upon man is equally bestowed upon them; seeing, hearing, feeling, thinking, the sense of pain and pleasure, the passions of love and anger, sensibility to kindness, and pangs from unkindness and neglect, are inseparable characteristics of their natures as much as of our own. Add to this, my Lords, that the justest and tenderest consideration of this benevolent system of Nature is not only consistent with the fullest dominion of man over the lower world, but it establishes and improves it. In this, as in every thing else, the whole moral system is inculcated by the pursuit of our own happiness. In this, as in all other things, our duties and our interests are inseparable. I defy any man to point out any one abuse of a brute, which is property, by its owner, which is not directly against his own interest. Is it possible, then, my Lords, to contemplate this wonderful arrangement, and to doubt for a single moment that our dominion over animals is a trust? They are created indeed for our use, but not for our abuse. Their freedom and enjoyments, when they cease to be consistent with our just dominion and enjoyments, can be no part of their natures; but whilst they are consistent, their rights, subservient as they are, ought to be as sacred as our own; and although certainly, my Lords, there can

be no law for man in that respect, but such as he makes for himself, yet I cannot conceive any thing more sublime, or interesting, more grateful to heaven, or more beneficial to the world, than to see such a spontaneous restraint, imposed by man, upon himself.

This subject is most justly treated by one of the best poets in our language.

Mr. Cowper, in "The Task," says:—

> "The sum is this—
> If man's convenience, health, or safety
> Interfere, his rights and claims are paramount,
> And must extinguish theirs, else they are all."

He then proceeds in a most affecting and sublime appeal to our humanity and justice. I have not a sufficient recollection of it, and I will not destroy the effect of it by misrepeating it.

The same subject is touched upon, in most eloquent prose, in the theological works of Mr. Jones, which were put into my hands the other day by my worthy and excellent friend at your table.* (Here Lord Erskine read an extract.) Mr. Young, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has also published an excellent treatise on the subject: and many of the most worthy and respectable of the clergy have done honour to their sacred functions, by impressing upon their congregations the Divine command, as it regards this important duty.

Every other branch of our duties, when subject to frequent violation, has been recognised and inculcated by our laws, and the breaches of them repressed by

* Mr. Henry Cowper.

punishments; and why not in this, where our duties are so important, so universally extended, and the breaches of them so frequent and so abominable?

But in what I am proposing to your Lordships, disinterested virtue, as in all other cases, will have its own certain reward. The humanity you shall extend to the lower creation, will come abundantly round, in its consequences, to the whole human race. The moral sense which this law will awaken and inculcate, cannot but have a most powerful effect upon our feelings and sympathies for one another. The violences and outrages committed by the lower orders of the people, are offences more owing to want of thought and reflection, than to any malignant principle; and whatever, therefore, sets them a-thinking upon the duties of humanity, more especially when they have no rivalries, nor resentments, and where there is a peculiar generosity in forbearance and compassion, has an evident tendency to soften their natures, and to moderate their passions in their dealings with one another.

The effect of laws which promulgate a sound moral principle is incalculable; I have traced it in a thousand instances, and it is impossible to describe its value.

My Lords, it was in consequence of these simple views, and on those indisputable principles, that I have framed the preamble of the very short Bill which I now present for a second reading to the House. I might without preamble or preface have proposed at once to enact, if not to declare, wilful and wanton cruelty to the animals comprehended in it to be a misdemeanour; looking as I now do to the Commons, to enforce the

sanction of the law by pecuniary penalties. But then the grand efficacious principle would have been obscured, which, if fortunately adopted by your Lordships, will enact this law as a spontaneous rule in the mind of every man who reads it—which will make every human bosom a sanctuary against cruelty—which will extend the influence of a British statute beyond even the vast bounds of British jurisdiction, and consecrate, perhaps, in all nations, and in all ages, that just and eternal principle which binds the whole living world in one harmonious chain, under the dominion of enlightened man, the lord and governor of all.

I will now read to your Lordships the preamble as I have framed it.

"Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to subdue to the dominion, use, and comfort of man, the strength and faculties of many useful animals, and to provide others for his food; and whereas the abuse of that dominion by cruel and oppressive treatment of such animals, is not only highly unjust and immoral, but most pernicious in its example, having an evident tendency to harden the heart against the natural feelings of humanity."

This preamble may be objected to as too solemn and unusual in its language; but it must be recollected that the subject of the Bill is most peculiar and unusual; and it being impossible to give practical effect to the principle in its full extent, it became the more necessary, in creating a duty of imperfect obligation, where legal restraints would be inefficacious or impossible, to employ language calculated to make the deepest impression

upon the human mind, so as to produce, perhaps, more than the effect of law, where the ordinary sanctions of law were wanting.

It may be now asked, my Lords, why, if the principle of the Bill be justly unfolded by this preamble, the enacting part falls so very short of protecting the whole animal world, or at all events those parts of it which come within the reach of man, and which may be subject to abuse? To that I answer—It does protect them to a certain degree, by the very principle which I have been submitting to your consideration; and to protect them further, would be found to be attended with insurmountable difficulties, and the whole Bill might be wrecked by an impracticable effort to extend it. But I shall be happy to follow others in the attempt. The Bill, however, as it regards *all* animals, creates a duty of imperfect obligation, and your Lordships are well aware, that there are very many and most manifest and important moral duties, the breaches of which human laws cannot practically deal with; and this I fear will be found to be the case in the subject now under consideration.

Animals living in a state of nature would soon overrun the earth, and eat up and consume all the sustenance of man, if not kept down by the ordinary pursuits and destruction of them, the only means by which they can be kept down and destroyed; and it is remarkable that other animals have been formed by nature, with most manifest instincts to assist us in this necessary exercise of dominion; and indeed, without the act of man, these animals would themselves prey upon one

another, and thus be visited by death, the inevitable lot of all created things, in more painful and frightful shapes. They have, besides, no knowledge of the future, and their end, when appropriated fitly for our food, is without prolonged suffering. This economy of Providence, as it regards animals, which from age to age have lived in an unreclaimed state, devoted to the use of man and of each other, may serve to reconcile the mind to that mysterious state of things, in the present fallen and imperfect condition of the world.

This state of wild animals is further strikingly illustrated by the view of such of them as have been spared from the human huntsman, or the more numerous tribes of animals of prey. They are swept away by the elements in hard winters, retiring, as most of them do, to a solitary, protracted, and painful death. Old age, my Lords, even amongst men, is but a rare blessing; amongst such brutes, perhaps never. Old age can only be supported in comfort by that aid and tenderness from others, arising from the consciousness of those ties of nature, which it has not pleased the Divine Providence to dispense to the lower world, but which, as the greatest of all blessings, it has communicated to man. When the brutes have fulfilled their duties to their young, for their protection, they know them no more, and die of old age, or cold, or hunger, in view of one another, without sympathy, or mutual assistance, or comfort.

It is the same to a certain extent with regard to those reclaimed animals devoted to man's use for food, whose faculties, as far as our observation is capable of a just

comparison, approach nearer to human reason. The old age even of such animals, for the reasons adverted to, would seldom be satisfactory. When they pass, therefore, from life to death, in a manner which gives them no foretaste of their doom, and consequently no sense of pain or sorrow in the road to it, the ways of God are justified to man.

The Bill, therefore, as it regards wild animals, could not easily have been framed for practicable operation, except by sanctioning, as it does, the principle of the preamble, which will, I trust, insensibly extend its influence to the protection of every thing that has life; by bringing habitually into the view of the mind the duties of imperfect obligation which it inculcates; and with regard to animals bred by man, or reclaimed for food, it will directly protect them against the cruelties which are generally committed on them, viz. the unmercifully driving and beating them on their passage to fairs and markets, and against unnecessary sufferings in the hour of death.

Before I leave this part of the subject, I think it right to advert to the practice of bull-baiting. I did not intend to have touched on it, but as I find that some who support the principle of this Bill feel a difficulty as it regards this practice, it becomes necessary to consider how it will be affected by its operation.

A Bill was brought into the House of Commons, whilst I had the honour of a seat there, to repress this practice, but not upon the true principle. The framers of it were, I am persuaded, actuated by motives of humanity, but they mixed with it very laudable objects

of human policy, which rather obscured the principle of protection to the animals. One great object of the Bill, and it was laudable on that account, was to put an end to sports which led away the servants and labourers of manufacture and husbandry from the service of their masters.

The attack upon bull-baiting coming in this questionable shape, was defended, as politic, by talents capable of defending any thing; but talents (I am ready to admit) possessed by a person of as humane and feeling a mind as ever distinguished any man—a man, besides, of a most beautiful genius, and whom I have always esteemed and honoured.* The truth is, my Lords, that the matter was never fairly presented to his heart, and his intellect had got a wrong bias upon the subject. I shall not, however, come in contact with my excellent friend in his different view of this subject. This Bill says not a word about bull-baiting. I only include a bull in my catalogue of protected animals. They, therefore, who support the practice, may still support it successfully, if they can convince a Court and Jury, and the other Magistracies of their countrymen, that it does not fall within the description of wilful and wanton cruelty; and if that shall be the general feeling of Courts and Magistrates on the subject, the practice will cease to be supported.

As to the tendency of barbarous sports of any kind or description whatsoever, to nourish the national characteristic of manliness and courage, (the only shadow of

* Supposed to be Mr. Windham.

argument I ever heard upon such occasions,) all I can say, is this: that from the mercenary battles of the lowest of beasts (viz. human boxers) up to those of the highest and noblest that are tormented by man, for his degrading pastime, I enter this public protest against it. I never knew a man remarkable for heroic bravery whose very aspect was not lighted up by gentleness and humanity; nor a kill-him-and-eat-him countenance, that did not cover the heart of a bully or a poltroon.

As to other reclaimed animals which are not devoted to our use as food, but which are most wonderfully organized to assist man in the cultivation of the earth, and by their superior activity and strength to lessen his labour, in the whole circle of his concerns, different protections become necessary, and they are also provided for by the Bill, and without the loss or abridgement of any one right of property in such animals. On the contrary, all its provisions protect them, as property, from the abuses of those to whose care and government their owners are obliged to commit them. They also reach the owners themselves, if, from an inordinate desire of gain, or other selfish consideration, they *abuse* the animals, their property in which is limited to the *use*.

It would be wasting your Lordships' time if I were to enumerate the probable cases which this part of the Bill will comprehend. It is well observed by an Italian philosopher, "that no man desires to hear what he has already seen." Your Lordships cannot have walked the streets, or travelled on the roads, without being perfectly masters of this part of the subject. You cannot

but have been almost daily witnesses to most disgusting cruelties practised upon beasts of carriage and burthen, by the violence and brutality of their drivers. To distinguish such brutality and criminal violence, from severe but sometimes necessary discipline, may at first view appear difficult, and on that account a serious objection to the Bill; but when I come to that part of the subject, I pledge myself to show that it involves no difficulty whatsoever. But there are other abuses far more frequent and important, which will require a more particular consideration. For one act of cruelty in servants, there are a hundred in the owners of beasts of labour and burthen, sometimes, committed by the owners alone, from scandalous desire of gain, and sometimes, in a most unworthy partnership with their superiors, who are equally guilty, with no gain at all, nor from any motive that it would not be disgraceful to acknowledge. I allude, my Lords, to our unhappy post-horses. It is not my wish, my Lords, to be a fanciful reformer of the world, nor to exact, that the manners and customs of a highly civilized nation should be brought to the standard of simplicity and virtue, if indeed such a standard ever existed upon earth. I do not seek to appoint inspectors to examine the books of innkeepers, so as to punish any excess in the numbers of their stages, as you do an excess of outside passengers on the roofs of coaches. I know that there are very many cases (which could not be brought strictly within the scope of necessities) where these poor animals must grievously suffer, yet where no law can properly reach to protect them.

The demands, though not imminent, of human health, and even of convenience; the occasional exigencies of commerce; the exercise of franchises, and many other cases which must occur to every body, would furnish obvious exceptions without violation of the principle, and which every Court and Magistrate would know how to distinguish. But the Bill, if properly executed, would expose innkeepers to a reasonable punishment, who will palpably devote an innocent animal to extreme misery, if not to death itself, by a manifest and outrageous excess of labour, rather than disoblige a mere traveller, engaged in no extraordinary business, lest in future he should go to the inn opposite—when the law shall give a rule for both sides of the way, this most infamous competition will be at an end.

For my own part, my Lords, I can say with the greatest sincerity to your Lordships, that nothing has ever excited in my mind greater disgust, than to observe what we all of us are obliged to see every day in our lives—horses panting—what do I say! literally dying under the scourge, when, on looking into the chaises, we see them carrying to and from London, men and women, to whom or to others it can be of no possible signification whether they arrive one day sooner or later, and sometimes, indeed, whether they ever arrive at all. More than half the post-horses that die from abuse in harness, are killed by people who, but for the mischief I am complaining of, would fall into the class described by Mr. Sterne, of simple or harmless travellers, galloping over our roads for neither good nor evil, but to fill up the dreary blank in unoccupied life. I can see no

reason why all such travellers should not endeavour to overcome the *ennui* of their lives, without killing poor animals more innocent and more useful than themselves. To speak gravely, my Lords, I maintain that human idleness ought not to be permitted, by the laws of enlightened man, to tax for nothing, beyond the powers which God has given them, the animals which his benevolence has created for our assistance.

But another abuse exists, not less frequent and much more shocking, because committed under the deliberate calculation of intolerable avarice. I allude to the practice of buying up horses when past their strength, from old age or disease, upon the computation (I mean to speak literally) of how many days' torture and oppression they are capable of living under, so as to return a profit with the addition of the flesh and skin, when brought to one of the numerous houses appropriated for the slaughter of horses. If this practice only extended to carrying on the fair work of horses to the very latest period of labour, instead of destroying them when old or disabled, I should approve, instead of condemning it. But it is most notorious, that with the value of such animals all care of them is generally at an end, and you see them (I speak literally, and of a systematic abuse) sinking and dying under loads, which no man living would have set the same horse to, when in the meridian of his strength and youth.

This horrid abuse, my Lords, which appears at first view to be incapable of aggravation, is nevertheless most shockingly aggravated when the period arrives at which one would think cruelty must necessarily cease;

when exhausted Nature is ready to bestow the deliverance of death. But even then, a new and most atrocious system of torture commences, of which, my Lords, I could myself be a witness in your committee, as it was proved to my own perfect satisfaction, and that of my friend Mr. Jekyll, upon the information of a worthy magistrate, who called our attention to the abuse. But perhaps, my Lords, I shall better describe it, as it will at the same time afford an additional proof of these hideous practices, and of their existence at this hour, by reading a letter which I received but two days ago, the facts of which I am ready to bring in proof before your Lordships.

Here Lord Erskine read an extract from a letter which stated—

"A very general practice exists of buying up horses still alive, but not capable of being even further abused by any kind of labour. These horses are carried in great numbers to slaughter-houses, but not killed at once for their flesh and skins, but left without sustenance, and literally starved to death, that the market may be gradually fed; the poor animals in the mean time being reduced to eat their own dung, and frequently gnawing one another's manes in the agonies of hunger."

Can there be a doubt, my Lords, that all such shocking practices should be considered and punished as misdemeanors?

Here again it may be said that the Bill, in this part of it, will invest Magistrates with a novel and dangerous discretion. I am not yet arrived at that part of the

case, though I am fast approaching it; when I do, I pledge myself without *fear* to maintain the contrary, to the satisfaction of every one of your Lordships, more especially including the learned Lords of the House.

No less frequent and wicked an abuse is the manifest overloading of carriages and animals of burden, particularly asses; and as far as this poor animal is unjustly considered an emblem of stupidity, the owners who thus oppress him are the greater asses of the two. The same may be said of keeping animals without adequate food to support their strength or even their existence:—this frequently happens to beasts impounded for trespasses; I have had complaints of this abuse from all parts of the country: the notice to the owner is seldom served, and thus the poor innocent animal is left to starve in the pound.—As far as an animal is considered merely as property, this may be all very well, and the owner must find him out at his peril; but when the animal is looked to upon the principle of this Bill, the impounder ought to feed him, and charge it to the owner as part of the damages.

Only one other offence remains, which I think it necessary to advert to, which it is difficult sufficiently to expose and stigmatize, from the impudence with which it is every day committed, as if the perpetrators of this kind of wickedness were engaged in something extremely entertaining and innocent, if not meritorious—I allude to those extravagant betts for trying the strength and endurance of horses—not those animating races, properly so called, which the horse really enjoys, and which, though undoubtedly attended with collateral

evils, has tended greatly to improve the breed of that noble and useful animal. The contests which I consider as wilful and wanton cruelty, are of a different kind. I maintain that no man, without being guilty of that great crime, can put it upon the uncertain and mercenary die, whether in races against time—no—not properly so called, but rather journeys of great distances within limited periods, the exertions shall very far exceed the ordinary powers which Nature has bestowed on the unhappy creature, thus wickedly and inhumanly perverted from the benevolent purposes of their existence.

All the observations I have just been making to your Lordships, undoubtedly apply to the maliciously tormenting any animal whatsoever, more especially animals which we have voluntarily reclaimed and domesticated; and yet I fairly own to your Lordships, that as the Bill was originally drawn, and as it stood until a few days ago, it would not have reached many shameful and degrading practices. The truth is, that I was afraid to run too rapidly and directly against prejudices; but on conversing with very enlightened and learned men, I took courage in my own original intention, and introduced the concluding clause, which comprehended the wickedly and wantonly tormenting any reclaimed animal; the effect of which in practice I will explain hereafter, when I come to show the practicability of executing the law without trespassing upon the just rights and privileges of mankind.

I now come, my Lords, to the second part of the case, which will occupy but a small portion of your

Lordships' time, on which I am afraid I have trespassed but too long already.

Supposing, now, your Lordships to be desirous of subscribing to the principles I have opened to you, and to feel the propriety of endeavouring to prevent as far as possible the inhuman cruelties practised upon animals, so general and so notorious, as to render a more particular statement of them as unnecessary as it would have been disgusting; the main question will then arise, viz. How the jurisdiction erected by this Bill, if it shall pass into a law, may be executed by Courts and Magistrates, without investing them with a new and arbitrary discretion.

My Lords, I feel the great importance of this consideration, and I have no desire to shrink from it; on the contrary, I invite your Lordships to the closest investigation of it, and for that purpose I will myself anticipate every possible objection of that description, and give your Lordships, in very few words, the most decisive answers to them.

How, it may be first asked, are magistrates to distinguish between the justifiable labour of the animal, which from man's necessities is often most fatiguing, and apparently excessive, and that real excess which the Bill seeks to punish as wilful and wanton cruelty? How are they to distinguish between the blows which are necessary when beasts of labour are lazy or refractory, or even blows of sudden passion and temper, from deliberate, cold-blooded, ferocious cruelty, which we see practised every day we live, and which have a tendency,

as the preamble recites, to harden the heart against all the impulses of humanity?

How, in the same manner, are they to distinguish between the fatigues and sufferings of beasts for slaughter, in their melancholy journeys to death, in our markets, from unnecessary, and therefore barbarous aggravations of them?

Here, my Lords, I am at home;—here I know my course so completely that I can scarcely err. I am no speculator upon the effect of the law which I propose to you, as the wisest legislators must often be, who are not practically acquainted with the administration of justice. Having passed my life in our courts of law when filled with the greatest judges and with the ablest advocates, who from time to time have since added to their number, I know with the utmost precision the effect of it in practice, and I pledge myself to your Lordships, that the execution of the Bill, if it passes into law, will be found to be most simple and easy; raising up no new principles of law, and giving to courts no larger discretion, nor more difficult subjects for judgment than they are in the constant course of exercising.

First of all, my Lords, the law I propose to your Lordships is not likely to be attended with abuse in prosecution, a very great, but I am afraid an incurable evil in the penal code. I stimulate no mercenary informers, which I admit often to be necessary to give effect to criminal justice. I place the lower world entirely under the genuine unbought sympathies of man.

No one is likely to prosecute by indictment, or to carry a person before a magistrate, without probable or rather without obvious and flagrant cause, when he can derive no personal benefit from the prosecution, nor carry it on without trouble and expense. The law is, therefore, more open to the charge of inefficacy than of vexation.

It can, indeed, have no operation, except when compassionate men (and I trust they will become more numerous from the moral sense which this Bill is calculated to awaken) shall set the law in motion against manifest and disgusting offenders, to deliver themselves from the pain and horror which the immediate view of wilful and wanton cruelty is capable of exciting, or is, rather, sure to excite in a generous nature.

What possible difficulty, then, can be imposed upon the magistrate, who has only to judge upon hearing, from his own human feelings, what such disinterested informers have judged of from having seen and felt? The task is surely most easy, and by no means novel. Indeed, the whole administration of law, in many analogous cases, consists in nothing else but in discriminations generally more difficult in cases of personal wrongs.

Cruelty to an apprentice, by beating, or over-labour, is judged of daily upon the very principle which this Bill will bring into action in the case of an oppressed animal. To distinguish the severest discipline, to command obedience, and to enforce activity in such dependents from brutal ferocity and cruelty, never yet puzzled a judge or a jury, never at least in my very

long experience; and when want of sustenance is the complaint, the most culpable over-frugality is never confounded with a wicked and malicious privation of food.

The same distinctions occur frequently, upon the plea of moderate chastisement, when any other servant complains of his master, or when it becomes necessary to measure the degree of violence which is justifiable in repelling violence, or in the preservation of rights.

In the same manner the damage from a frivolous assault or of a battery, the effect of provocation or sudden temper, is daily distinguished in our Courts from a severe and cold-blooded outrage. A hasty word, which just conveys matter that is actionable, is, in the same manner, distinguished in a moment from malignant and dangerous slander. Mistakes in the extent of authority, which happen every day in the discharge of the complicated duties of the Magistracy, are never confounded for a moment, even when they have trenched severely upon personal liberty, with an arbitrary and tyrannous imprisonment. Unguarded or slight trespasses upon property, real or personal, are in the same way the daily subjects of distinction from malicious deprivations of rights, or serious interruptions of their enjoyment.

Similar or rather nicer distinctions are occurring daily in our Courts—when libel or no libel is the question. A line must be drawn between injurious calumny, and fair though perhaps unpleasant animadversion; but plain good sense without legal subtlety is sure to settle it with justice—so every man may enjoy

what is his own, but not to the injury of his neighbour. What is an injury, or what only a loss, without being injurious, is the question in all cases of nuisance, and they are satisfactorily settled by the common understandings and feelings of mankind.

My Lords, there would be no end of these analogies, if I were to pursue them; I might bring my whole professional life, for near thirty years, in review before your Lordships.

I appeal to the learned Lords of the House, whether these distinctions are not of daily occurrence—I appeal to my noble and learned friend on the woolsack, whether, when he sat as Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, he found any difficulty in these distinctions—I appeal to my noble and learned friend who sits just by him, whose useful and valuable life is wholly occupied amidst these questions, whether they are doubtful and dangerous in the decision, and whether they are not precisely in point with the difficulties which I have anticipated, or with any others which opponents to the Bill can possibly anticipate. I make a similar appeal to another noble and learned friend, who has filled the highest situation; I do not see him at this moment in his place, but to him also I might make the same fearless application.

I cannot, therefore, conceive a case on which a Magistrate would be exposed to any difficulty under this Bill, if it should pass into a law.

The cruelties which I have already adverted to, are either committed by owners, or by servants charged with the care and government of horses and other

cattle. If the owner unmercifully directs them to be driven to most unreasonable distances, or with burdens manifestly beyond their powers; if he buys them up when past the age of strength, not for a use correspondent to their condition, but upon the barbarous and wicked computation of how long they can be tortured to profit, in neither of these cases can the cruelty be imputed to the servant whom you meet upon the road, struggling to perform the unjust commands of his employer. The master is the obvious culprit—*Respondeat superior*—the spectators and the servant are the witnesses—and these are the cases where an indictment would operate as a most useful example, without oppression to those who thus offend systematically against every principle of humanity and justice.

On the other hand, when no cruel commands are given to the servant, but his own malice offends at once against his master and the unhappy animal which he wickedly abuses, he of course is alone responsible; and these are the cases in which a summary jurisdiction would be most generally resorted to, as more favourable at once to the disinterested informer and to the offender who would be thus punished with a penalty, and be delivered from an expensive prosecution.

The other House of Parliament will no doubt accomplish this in the further progress of the Bill. But in neither of these cases, which comprehend, indeed, every abuse which the Bill extends to, is there any kind of danger that it will work oppression, or produce uncertainty in decision.

A man cannot, if an owner, be the subject of an

indictment, because he may have been less considerate and merciful than he ought to be; nor, if a servant, for an unreasonable blow of temper upon an unmanageable charge. No, my Lords, every indictment or information before a Magistrate must charge the offence to be committed maliciously and with wanton cruelty, and the proof must correspond with the charge. This Bill makes no act whatever a misdemeanour, that does not plainly indicate to the Court or Magistrate a malicious and wicked intent; but this generality is so far from generating uncertainty, that I appeal to every member in our great profession, whether, on the contrary, it is not in favour of the accused, and analogous to our most merciful principles of criminal justice? So far from involving the Magistrate in doubtful discriminations, he must be himself shocked and disgusted before he begins to exercise his authority over another. He must find malicious cruelty; and what that is can never be a matter of uncertainty or doubt, because nature has erected a standard in the human heart by which it may be surely ascertained.

This consideration surely removes every difficulty from the last clause, which protects from wilful, malicious, and wanton cruelty all reclaimed animals. Whatever may be the creatures which, by your own voluntary act, you choose to take from the wilds which nature has allotted to them, you must be supposed to exercise this admitted dominion for use, or for pleasure, or from curiosity. If for use, enjoy that use in its plenitude; if the animal be fit for food, enjoy it decently for food; if for pleasure, enjoy that pleasure by taxing all its

faculties for your comfort; if for curiosity, indulge it to the full: the more we mix ourselves with all created matter, animate or inanimate, the more we shall be lifted up to the contemplation of God. But never let it be said, that the law should indulge us in the most atrocious of all propensities, which, when habitually indulged in, on beings beneath us, destroys every security of human life, by hardening the heart for the perpetration of all crimes.

The times in which we live, my Lords, have read us an awful lesson upon the importance of preserving the moral sympathies. We have seen that the highest state of refinement and civilization will not secure them. I solemnly protest against any allusion to the causes of the revolutions which are yet shaking the world, or to the crimes or mistakes of any individuals in any nation; but it connects itself with my subject to remark, that even in struggles for human rights and privileges, sincere and laudable as they occasionally may have been, all human rights and privileges have been trampled upon by barbarities far more shocking than those of the most barbarous nations, because they have not merely extinguished natural unconnected life, but have destroyed (I trust only for a season) the social happiness and independence of mankind, raising up tyrants to oppress them all in the end, by beginning with the oppression of each other. All this, my Lords, has arisen from neglecting the cultivation of the moral sense, the best security of states, and the greatest consolation of the world.

My Lords, I will trouble your Lordships no longer

than with admitting, for the sake of the argument, that there may be cases, especially in the beginning, where the execution of the Bill may call for the exercise of high judicial consideration, through the dignity and learning of the supreme court of criminal jurisdiction. And here I cannot help saying, that it adds greatly to the security I feel upon this part of the subject, that when the Bill shall have received the sanction of Parliament, it will be delivered over to my noble and learned friend who presides so ably in the Court of King's Bench. * From his high authority, the inferior Magistracies will receive its just interpretation, and, from his manly and expressive eloquence, will be added a most useful inculcation of its obligations: for I must once again impress upon your Lordships' minds, the great, the incalculable effect of wise laws, when ably administered, upon the feelings and morals of mankind. We may be said, my Lords, to be in a manner new created by them. Under the auspices of religion, in whose steps they must ever tread, to maintain the character of wisdom, they make all the difference between the savages of the wilderness and the audience I am now addressing. The cruelties which we daily deplore in children and in youth arise from defect in education, and that defect in education from the very defect in the law † which I ask your Lordships to remedy: from the moral sense of the parent reanimated

* Lord Ellenborough.

† The correctness of this prediction may be witnessed every day in the different treatment which animals receive, and the effect which remonstrances now produce.

or rather in this branch created by the law, the next generation will feel, in the first dawn of their ideas, the august relation they stand in to the lower world, and the trust which their station in the universe imposes on them; and it will not be left to a future Sterne to remind us, when we put aside even a harmless insect, that the world is large enough for both. This extension of benevolence to objects beneath us, become habitual by a sense of duty inculcated by law, will reflect back upon our sympathies for one another; so that I may venture to say firmly to your Lordships, that the Bill I propose to you, if it shall receive the sanction of Parliament, will not only be an honour to the country, but an era in the history of the world.

Some unimportant amendments were proposed by the Lord Chancellor, who, with Lord Liverpool, Lord Ellenborough, and Lord Darnley, supported the Bill. It passed the House of Lords without a division, and was lost in the Commons chiefly through the mistaken arguments and ridicule of Mr. Windham, and was negatived near the close of the Session, in a house of 58 Members.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Note A.

"In the accounts of the provosty for 1466, we find, among others, the curious details of the costs of the trial of Gillet-Soulart and his sow, 'executed for their crimes at Corbeil.' Every item is there: the charge for the place of confinement made for the sow, the 500 bundles of wood carried to the port of Morsant, the three quarts of wine, and the bread, the last meal of the sufferer, fraternally shared by the executioner, even to the eleven days' keep and subsistence of the sow, at eight deniers Parisis each."—*Hunchback of Nôtre Dame.*

There is not any thing, perhaps, more humiliating to the human understanding, than the surpassing details of folly and cruelty contained in the annals of witchcraft in the darker ages. The wise and learned were occupied in discussing the degrees of devils; their uncouth names; their titles, and the number of legions each succeeding potentate had under his command: and the humbler populace in assigning a tenement to some of these spirits in every individual, human or animal, whom malice or misfortune, or peculiar character, rendered obnoxious. Examining the vast cloud of horrors of this description, which the early press teems with—it is much too com-

mon to look with contempt upon these errors of our ancestors; instead of rather feeling ashamed of them. Our emancipation is the pure work of circumstance; the errors sprang from ourselves, and might enshadow us again. All the evil spirits which torment the breast of man were assigned to the hapless innocents of inferior creation: with that inevitable propensity which leads the heart to attribute to others the passions which rage in itself; brutes then became the objects of its corrupt accusation. How mischievous and interfering an animal is man, compared to every other creature, which moves with dignity in its own sphere and seeks to impose its habits upon none. There is no greater benefit in the path of nature which was opened by the great philosopher of *things*, than the diversion of man's restless faculties from such cruel persecution, either of the rational or irrational: fixed upon the features of inanimate beings. We pride ourselves on our acquaintance and our dominion (which he proposed to gain) over the natural world—we should feel thankful that the playthings of matter keep our childish hands from worse employment, the dark, waste and barren mind filled with other food than its intrinsic speculations. And how little we have to boast, may now be seen when verging into cruelty in the opposite extreme; our curiosity well satisfied upon inanimate objects, we return again to things of life, and persecute them, not for the evil spirit that is in them, but for the good —the vital gift of animation. And for the sake of *knowledge*, (see Part Third) cruelties are perpetrated, which, when done by *ignorance*, we shudder at. Let us beware, self-deluders. To persecute, because a devil possesses, is a crime of trifling size, placed beside persecution because a God inspires the breath of life. We better could forgive the Inquisition, which, in Portugal, under a sense of duty, (shocking, it is true,) condemned to death and burned, in 1601, the horse of an Englishman, which performed those docile feats this noble creature can be trained to, as influenced by a demon—than the

man of science, who cuts to pieces the same creature living, to discover the function of some nerve; or to witness, with his particular eyes, some twist of agony he has read would issue from it. We suppose they both consider they are acting kindly. In a horrid black-letter narrative, translated from the German, of the "damnable life and execution of one Stubbe Peeter," who was condemned for devouring twenty-six persons, under the figure of a wolf; after complacently recording that the flesh was torn from his bones with red-hot pincers, his bones broken with wooden mallets, and his head sawed from his body, which was burnt,—the author ends with the following prayer, after relating certain fantastic ceremonies, to keep alive the memory of his sins, for the warning of other sorcerers,—"*And I beseech God to keep us from the cruelty of their wicked hearts. Amen.*" After this specimen of perversion, we may believe the dissectors think the cruelty is perpetrated by the animals themselves.

An interesting treatise might be written, inquiring into the origin of those prejudices against animals which involve them in the charge of sorcery; not those mere narratives of facts, with congratulations on our increased wisdom, which are commonly written, but a piercing search to the bottom. When we read, in a return made by the Worshipful Baron Darcy to the Queen's Justices of Assize of the county of Essex, A. D. 1590, amid a long list of animals, familiar spirits to divers unhappy witches: that some were "in the shape of avises or blackbirds," others of kine, and that the "avises" were fed with *oats*, and *barley*, and *wheat*, and *bread*, and the kine with *hay* and *straw*,—can we restrain our astonishment that these natural facts were made the fruit of witchcraft? There must be something deeper in the delusion than we are willing to confess. When we read of learned judges giving credence that a certain toad which was put with tongs into the fire and exploded "like a pistol, and was no more seen," was an unhappy female, who was found next day with her arms and thighs

burnt in her own hovel: and persecuted by her neighbours, —probably for some superiority of endowment,—until they hanged her;—when we see so sound a lawyer as Chief Justice Hale hang two widows, on the mere evidence of their enemies; for bewitching three children, who were too ill to appear in court; but next day called upon the judge in perfect health, having been restored at the *very moment conviction was pronounced;*—must we not confess malice and hatred have weapons more deadly than steel or poison, and exclaim with the unsparing Butler,

> "Certes, the pleasure is as great,
> In being cheated as to cheat?"

Note B.

"For my part, I cannot but charge his using his servants like so many beasts of burden, and turning them off, or selling them when grown old; to the account of a mean and ungenerous spirit, which thinks that the sole tie between man and man is interest or necessity. *But goodness moves in a larger sphere than justice:* the obligations of law and equity reach only to mankind, but kindness and beneficence should be extended to creatures of every species; and these still flow from the breast of a well-natured man, as streams that issue from the living fountain. A good man will take care of his horses and dogs, not only while they are young, but when old and past service. Thus the people of Athens, when they had finished the temple called Hecatompedon, set at liberty the beasts of burden that had been chiefly employed in that work, suffering them to pasture at large, free from any further service. The graves of Cimon's mares, with which he thrice conquered at the Olympic games,* are still to be seen near

* Where are the graves of our celebrated racers to be seen, who, having

his own tomb. We certainly ought not to treat living creatures like shoes or household goods, which, when worn out with use, we throw away; *and were it only to learn benevolence to mankind, we should be merciful to other creatures.* For my own part, I would not sell even an old ox that had laboured for me: but Cato, as if he took a pride in these things, tells us that, when consul, he left his war-horse in Spain, to save the public the charge of his freight. *Whether such things as these are instances of greatness or littleness of soul, let the reader judge for himself."—Plutarch, in the Life of Marcius Cato.*

These kindnesses were performed by Pagans, having no gleam of the pure light of Christian benevolence. Indeed, when we reflect how much, in all matters of refinement, we are indebted to the Greeks: consider the delicacy of sentiment in this wonderful people, springing merely from the light of nature; that every elegant conveniency of civilized life borrows its form from their inventions; that every article of use, above the rudest hut and wooden bench, owes its ornaments to lines which they have put together, we must conceive with curiosity the desolate spectacle we should present without this borrowed aid. And yet how little have we been able to engraft upon our rude stock! Let the eye pass from a crowd of magnificent vases, (one of their exquisite legacies,) to the surrounding shapes of the metropolis—a mockery of childish unseemliness all our imitations will appear. Indeed, our energies seem of a naked, barbarous character, unrefined by elegant imaginations, which even Christianity can scarcely render tolerable.

Compare the fables of ancient Greece, arising in its state of barbarism; the peopled fountain, the river, and the forest, each owning their presiding power, "creatures of the element,"—

"thrice conquered" in our games, have shivered out their later days before a hackney-coach in the street?

every mental quality personified in shapes the most engaging or severe—

"Warm, energic, chaste, sublime;"

their very monsters not devoid of grace, or, at the least, of grandeur; a lovely universe of thought, brilliant, tender, and refined; compare all this with the gross and hideous grotesques, mentioned in Note A., gloomy, absurd, and savage, the inventions of *our* dark ages. The very piles of Gothic architecture, gorgeous and sublime, heaped together with a vastness of accumulation, under the influence of a heaven-aspiring faith; yet in the elemental forms composing them are inelegant and mean; the whole typical of the creed they were erected for, deriving their beauty from the spirit, not the frame.

Even with the advantage of so invaluable a possession as that faith, how much vice and crime appear; and how much, in many points, are we inferior to nations, having as religion only a degrading superstition,—how strong appears our native obduracy to refinement. We seem the handicraftsmen of the earth, labouring violently in our rough professions, and after the fashion of robust strength, despise all nations sleeping in the shadow of past refinement. From the bosom of the East all arts arose, and it preserves its noble lineaments in decay; the polish and the charm of ancient breeding. The Turks, its last possessors, whom we have been used to measure by our prejudice and some differing customs, have ever been noted for their humanity to animals—and the following beautiful passage from a recent traveller shows the virtue is still preserved:—

"Sea gulls were flying past us in clouds, and sporting like domestic birds about the vessel, while many of the adjoining roofs were clustered with them. The wild ducks and the water hens were diving under our very stern in search of food, and shoals of porpoises were every moment rolling by, turning up their white bellies to the light, and revelling in

safety amid the sounds and sights of a mighty city, as though unconscious of the vicinity of danger. How long, I involuntarily asked myself, would this extraordinary confidence in man be repaid by impunity in an English port? and the answer was by no means pleasing to my national pride."

Again.—

"To all the brute creation, the Turks are not only merciful, but ministering friends; and to so great an extent do they carry this tenderness towards the inferior animals, that they will not kill an unweaned lamb, in order to spare unnecessary suffering to the mother; and an English sportsman, who had been unsuccessful in the chase, having on one occasion, in firing off his piece, previously to disembarking from his caique, brought down a gull that was sailing above his head, was reproached by his rowers with as much horror and emphasis as though he had been guilty of homicide."—*Miss Pardoe's City of the Sultan.*

An interesting volume might be filled with historic and antiquarian research on the customs and treatment of different nations in respect of animals.

In the treatment of the horse there is much to regulate. Might not every licensed driver be compelled to produce a character for humanity, as well as mere sobriety and absence of gross vice? That heavy cruelty, the omnibus, is not sufficiently lightened in the limit of its numbers; it keeps the horses' labour on the extremest verge. A proper number, also, of days of rest should be compulsory; and with respect to one-horse carriages, a species of cruelty is increasing every day. These cabs, as they are called, are made at such a trifling cost, that men totally without capital keep them, and the horses depend for their meal upon the produce of the labour of the day,—well known to be perfectly precarious, at the mercy of the weather, and every chance. This ought to be forbidden, and licenses given only to those who need not resort to the knacker's yard for the few last grains of life—taken from the

speedy blow—nor drive them without a meal. The neighbourhood of new buildings also demands a close inspection—there is a great deal of cruelty carried forward here. A liberal increase to the fund for purchasing worn-out horses; one of the invaluable institutions of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, rendering it possible to buy them before completely exhausted; might save many grades in the descent of suffering.

NOTE C.

"I. The brute creation never sinned against God, nor are they capable of it; and consequently cannot be liable to punishment.

"II. But the whole brute creation is in a suffering state, and partakes of the common infirmities and privations as well as mankind; they suffer, but who can say they suffer justly?

"III. As they appear to be necessarily involved in the sufferings of sinful man, and yet neither through their fault nor folly, it is natural to suppose that the Judge of all the earth, who ever does right, will find some means by which these innocent creatures shall be compensated for their sufferings.

"IV. That they have no compensation here, their affliction, their labour, their death prove; and if they are to have any compensation, they must have it in another state.

"V. God, the fountain of all goodness, must have originally designed them for that measure of happiness which is suited to the powers with which he has endowed them; but since the fall of man they never had that happiness, and in their present circumstances never can.

"VI. As to intelligent beings, God has formed his purposes as to their happiness on the ground of their rational natures. He has decreed, that they shall be happy if they will; all the means of it being placed within their power; and if they be ultimately miserable, it is the effect of their own unconstrained choice; therefore his purpose is fulfilled either in their hap-

piness or their misery—because he has proposed that they shall be happy if they please, and that misery shall be the result of their refusal.

"VII. But it does not appear that the brute creation are capable of this choice, and it is evident they are not placed in their present situation through either choice or sin; and if no purpose of God can be ultimately frustrated, these creatures must be restored to that state of happiness for which they were made; and of which they have been deprived through the transgression of man.

"VIII. To say the enjoyments they have in this life are a sufficient compensation, is most evidently false; for had not sin entered into the world, they would have had much greater enjoyments, without pain, excessive labour, or toil, and without death, and all those sufferings which arise from its predisposing causes. Nor does it appear they have much happiness from eating, drinking, or rest, as they have these only in the proportion in which they are necessary to their existence as the slaves of man. Therefore, allowing that they have every enjoyment and gratification in life, they have much less than they would have had, had not sin entered into the world, and consequently they have been deprived of the greater portion of happiness designed for them by their bountiful Creator.

"IX. It is therefore obvious, that the gracious purpose of God has not been fulfilled in them, and that, as they have not lost their happiness through their own fault, both the beneficence and justice of God are bound to make them reparation.

"X. Hence it is reasonable to conclude that, as, from the present state of things, they cannot have the happiness designed for them in this state, they must have it in another."

This and the following eloquent extract from a sermon by the Rev. John Wesley, preached on the same text from which these comments are derived, are sufficient to show how foreign

the vulgar popular opinion is from the expectations which there are grounds for holding:—

"'*The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him that subjected it. Yet in hope that the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth, and travaileth in pain together, until now.*' Rom. viii. ver. 19—22.

"As all the blessings of God in paradise flowed through man to the inferior creatures: as man was the great channel of communication between the Creator and the whole brute creation: so when man made himself incapable of transmitting those blessings, that communication was necessarily cut off. The intercourse between God and the inferior creatures being stopped, those blessings could no longer flow in upon them. And then it was that the creature, every creature, was subjected to vanity, to sorrow, to pain of every kind, to all manner of evils.

"But will the creature, will even the brute creation, always remain in this deplorable condition? God forbid that we should affirm this, yea, or even entertain such a thought! While the whole creation groaneth together, (whether men attend or not,) their groans are not dispersed in idle air; but enter into the ears of him that made them. While his creatures travail together in pain, he knoweth all their pain, and is bringing them nearer and nearer to the birth, which shall be accomplished in its season. He seeth the earnest expectation wherewith the whole animated creation waiteth for that final manifestation of the sons of God; in which they themselves also shall be delivered, (not by annihilation: annihilation is not deliverance,) from the present bondage of corruption, into a measure of the glorious liberty of the children of God.

"Nothing can be more express. Away with vulgar prejudices, and let the plain word of God take place. They shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into glorious liberty; even a measure, according as they are capable, of the liberty of the children of God.

"A general view of this is given us in the twenty-first chapter of the Revelation. When he that sitteth on the great white throne hath pronounced, Behold I make all things new; when the word is fulfilled, the tabernacle of God is with men, and they shall be his people; and God himself shall be with them and be their God; then the following blessing shall take place, (not only on the children of men; there is no such restriction in the text; but) on every creature according to its capacity: 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying. Neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.'*

"To descend to a few particulars. The whole brute creation will then undoubtedly be restored, not only to the vigour, strength, and swiftness, which they had at their creation, but to a far higher degree of each than they ever enjoyed. They will be restored, not only to that measure of understanding which they had in paradise, but to a degree of it, as much higher than that, as the understanding of an elephant is beyond that of a worm. And whatever affections they had in the garden of God, will be restored with vast increase, being exalted and refined in a manner which we ourselves are not now able to comprehend. The liberty they then had will be completely restored, and they will be free in all their motions. They will be delivered from all irregular appetites, from all unruly passions, from every disposition that is either evil in itself, or has any tendency to evil. No rage will be found in any creature, no fierceness, no cruelty, or thirst for blood.

* Rev. vii. 17, &c.

So far from it, that 'the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, the leopard shall lie down with the kid; the calf and the young lion together, and a little child shall lead them. The cow and the bear shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw* like the ox. They shall not hurt or destroy in all my holy mountain.'†

"Does it not furnish us with a full answer to a plausible objection against the justice of God, in suffering numberless creatures, that never had sinned, to be so severely punished? They could not sin, for they were not moral agents. Yet how severely do they suffer? Yea, many of them, beasts of burden in particular, almost the whole time of their abode on earth. So that they can have no retribution here below. But the objection vanishes away, if we consider, that something better remains after death for these poor creatures also; that these likewise shall one day be delivered from this bondage of corruption, and shall then receive an ample amends for all their present sufferings.

"One more excellent end may undoubtedly be answered by the preceding considerations. They may encourage us to imitate Him, whose mercy is over all his works. They may soften our hearts towards meaner creatures, knowing that the Lord careth for them. It may enlarge our hearts towards those poor creatures to reflect, that as vile as they appear in our eyes, not one of them is forgotten in the sight of our Father which is in heaven. Through all the vanity to which they are now subjected, let us look to what God hath prepared for them. Yea, let us habituate ourselves to look forward, beyond this present scene of bondage, to the happy time when they will be delivered therefrom, into the liberty of the children of God."

That the expression "perish," in the common acceptation,

* At that time food also may be restored to its pristine vigour. See p. 157.

† Isaiah xi. 6.

is not to be received as meaning everlasting destruction; many passages of Scripture might be quoted to explain. See in particular, Isaiah lvii. 1.

That passage of the Epistle which forms the text of the above discourse has been the subject of much critical discussion; on the one hand it is denied altogether that the expression translated "creature," implies in any way the animal creation; and it is most particularly maintained that there is no part of the sentence passed on man after his fall, which can be interpreted as a degradation of the beasts of the field; or affirms that they, as man, became through his sin liable to death, sharing the punishment of his folly. It is not necessary for our argument that they should have been subjected to death by that great original condemnation; death is of no import to them, comparatively with the sufferings during life, which we impose.

> "In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
> Corpora."

The passage of spirit from form to form, the decay of nature which compels it, and the fresh spring of being renewed in a succeeding existence, are of little value, when uncombined with the human destinies of soul, "knowing evil from good," and, may on the whole, contribute rather to the increase than to the diminution of the great sum of animated enjoyment.

That the change in diet which compelled on the lower animals a carnivorous existence, (see page 157,) commenced at the fall, there is some reason to believe,—"Cursed is the ground for thy sake, in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field." This curse decreasing the fertility of the ground, it may be contemplated the food of animals was also changed by the deterioration, but there is an ambiguity, which must leave undecided that which it is unnecessary we should know.

Speculation, arising in material observation, and the attempts to make the knowledge springing from our small sources coincide with the announcements of eternal truth, are endless, and are vain attempts to measure what in this state we can only partially attain. Our duties are the centre to which we must return; and it seems scarcely more impious, upon a slight knowledge of the material trifles submitted to us, to determine against the existence of a Creator, than it is absurd to attempt to establish that existence upon the ground of human theories. These are infinitely finite, and the ground they take they leave unchanged. Modern science having determined that all matter exists under certain laws, which cannot be resisted, and do not vary; it has been reasoned, on the one side from this, that these laws are part of matter, and need no sovereign arranging hand to influence or control them. This atheism has zealously been resisted, but how discreetly? In a late work it is endeavoured to demonstrate, in oft-repeated phrase, that if material phenomena do not show at once the presiding hand, the "collocations of matter" prove it. Earthly materials are decomposed and strict affinities recompound them, matter moves unerringly, and the powers which move it never change. But what placed that earth, what placed the sun, or swung the impulse of motion round it? this first act, this first endeavour, announces the Creator's energy. What is the force of this appeal? Those laws of matter which are the furthest our finite faculties can perceive, are treated as the means, not as a passing step in the scale of ends. Let us suppose a being inhabiting the recesses of a flower—the utmost scope of faculty allowing him to perceive the acts of present vegetation, the ascending and the descending sap, and calculate their laws; able to perceive millions of minute details, which we know nothing of; finding them always influenced by certain constituent rules they could not escape from; he would conclude at last, step above step,—that the utmost features of the plant

he could perceive, containing within their bound all that he was able to imagine, the form, the mode, the colour, and the regular movements within his small infinity,—were those "collocations of matter," which proved the influence of the hand Divine. Why a human finite being gathered (in his chronology) some million centuries before, the seed, from which his universe sprung—placed it in the ground, and under the pressure of its inevitable conditions, it forms his ultimate "collocation." Such are our arguments upon material laws. Earth, and all the solar servants of attraction, which is the utmost master we can find in space; have been implanted there by other laws which rule their being, and conduct them to an end. Do we think that from the orb of Saturn or Urania, or even the extremest verge of the most remote revolving comet; that one step conducts us to infinity, and the home of the Eternal Being? As the seed is buried in the ground by man, so are we planted in this vault of space, most similarly by some ministering hand; some spirit or dependant angel, and follow the laws that we are destined to fulfil, either moved at once by the hand of being, or obeying some intermediate rule. We cannot trace our larger changes, they transcend capacity; but if we believe that we exist, and move, and influence substances, so must we believe that other degrees superior to us exist, and have an influential power; and that compared in the infinite chain of subordinancy, we are as near the ultimate "collocations of matter," when we examine the texture of the finest plant, which forms its certain laws, as when we strain our vision to the last point of knowledge, and gaze upon the stars which in comparison of space are within the reach of touch; and think attraction permanent, because the links of human generations do not perceive it change.

The celebrated Dr. Bentley, with that curious felicity of deterioration which distinguishes his *amendments* of Paradise

Lost, is very bitter upon the lines quoted in the page to which this portion of the note refers:—

"to graze the herb all leaving,
Devoured each other;"

he renders,

"to graze the herb *some* leaving
Devoured *the others*;"

this is almost as good as Book First, line 259:

"th' Almighty hath *no butt*
Here for his envy;"

at least it improves the measure equally, if it does not quite so much adorn the meaning. This sort of minds cannot bear ambiguity. The reading must be plain, however flat and unprofitable. It is not meant to say, they *all left* grazing, but they left off *all grazing*. And to devour each other, if absurd in the common restricted sense, has scope for a much more liberal interpretation, *each* devoured *other;* that is, each that *left off grazing* devoured *other creatures*. Such bald and naked literalisms confine the imagination, and narrow the capacity of language, destroy that condensed, yet copious charm of diction,

"Where more is meant than meets the ear,"

translating poetry into very poor plain prose. It is to be hoped his emendations of the ancient great are not so startling to their departed spirits.

Note D.

"Among those foolish pursuers of pleasure they reckon all those that delight in hunting, or birding, or gaming, of whose madness they have only heard, for they have no such things among them.

"What pleasure can any one find in hearing the barking and howling of dogs, which seems rather odious than pleasant

sounds? Nor can they comprehend the pleasure of seeing dogs run after a hare, more than of seeing one dog run after another; for you have the same entertainment to the eye on both these occasions, if the seeing them run is that which gives the pleasure, since that is the same in both cases; but if the pleasure lies in seeing the hare killed and torn to pieces by the dogs, this ought rather to stir pity, when a weak, harmless, and fearful hare is devoured by a strong, fierce, and cruel dog. Therefore all this business of hunting is among the Utopians turned over to the butchers . . . and they look on hunting as one of the basest parts of a butcher's work; for they account it both more profitable and more decent to kill those beasts that are more necessary, and useful to mankind; whereas the killing and tearing of so small and miserable an animal, which a huntsman proposes to himself, can only attract him with a false show of pleasure; for it is of so little use to him. They look on the desire of bloodshed, even of beasts, as a mark of a mind that is already corrupted with cruelty, or that, at least, by the frequent returns of so brutal a pleasure, must degenerate into it."—*Bishop Burnet's Translation of the Utopia.*

It is extraordinary that any doubt or opposition respecting humanity to these inferior creatures can exist, when the momentous sanction of such celebrated names is found to consecrate this virtue. It would be difficult to find any writer, distinguished by sentiments which elevate our nature, who has not included this mercy in the catalogue of his accomplishments. From the lamb which never sees a summer, to the stag which weeps when we destroy it—from the tamest domestic creature to the wildest tenant of the waste, all have had their advocates among names which make (if any thing should make) humanity proud—from the author of the magnificent oration which adorns this work, to the conscientious martyr who wrote the preceding satire. Among other *Utopian* projects of this great character, were the establishment

of lazzarettos, public slaughter-houses, and the abolishment of death as the punishment of robbery. His Christian benevolence advanced three hundred years beyond the age he lived in.

The resistance to abattoirs in this country still remains, although they are loudly called for on the grounds of public health as well as humanity, (see the following note.) Of these two motives, different countries bear a varying share. The monarch of St. Bartholomew established them in France —ought we not to feel ashamed that we are still behind?

Note E.

It has been calculated that five thousand pigs, with ducks and poultry in proportion, are fed in these places for the London market. Indiscriminately, in some, at the private convenience of the owner, horses or cattle are destroyed. Poultry has been seen fattening upon the refuse of these yards, (see page 125,) where horses are slaughtered in the last stage of those contagious deadly diseases they are liable to—the raw material to be manufactured for our sustenance.

We were entreated earnestly to furnish an engraving of the iron punch used in these abodes of torment, but the object is too shocking to be represented in any garb, more distinct than language.

A new process of killing the creatures of our subsistence, has been proposed by a surgeon of Liverpool, but there are many objections to not removing the blood.

Note F.

We met a singular medical work some years since by a surgeon of the name of Warren. It sought to prove the Mosaic inhibitions had the ground of corporal sanity—the chief point insisted on as producing the most noxious evils, was the feeding on the pig. It was advanced (though scarcely with suffi-

cient proof) that consumption and scrofulous disease were unknown amongst the Jews, and that "the sore botch which cannot be healed," named in Deut. xxviii. 27, 35, a disease of the Egyptians, was no other than these afflictions; and he asserted, by collateral passages, that the use of the unwholesome meat of swine was the origin and perpetuation of these complaints among ourselves. Of all the commandments which the Hebrews were to keep, and on the infringement of which particular curses were to follow, those relating to meats have been the most faithfully observed, and exemption from the disease has been the consequence. If disease attacks us from the use of creatures fed as the previous note relates, it cannot surprise. And, at the foundation of his theory was the *à priori* argument of the inconsistency that the Mosaic record contained any arbitrary prohibitions; but that the Judge of all the earth intended every mandate for the physical welfare of his people.

Note G.

"TO THOSE WHO HAVE MADE SOME PROGRESS IN HUMANITY."

"A MAN who has made some progress in humanity, will practise, and abstain from a number of things with respect to animals, which a common person would never have thought of.

"First, then, a man who has made some progress in humanity will perhaps refrain from lobsters, unless they are put into boiling water, and not left to suffer all the anguish of boiling gradually, writhing, and making a most piteous noise.*

"He will be far from holding out any temptation to the boy to range the heath, in order to rob the plover of her eggs. He will not be able to bear the thought of giving anguish to the breast even of a single bird, in order to satisfy, not the calls

* It is believed this is a popular error; not that they suffer pain, but the noise is the expression of it: escape of vapour through the close shell more probably produces the sound.

of hunger, but the capricious and petulant demands of a childish and disgraceful luxury.

"But some of these instances, it may perhaps be objected, seem to regard rather the feelings of the man than those of the animal. I answer, that if only the feelings of the man be concerned, it is enough for my purpose. The common feelings of our nature, or the peculiar feelings of individuals, if they lean to the side of virtue, ought ever to be held sacred. The violation of them has a strong tendency to lead to the most dreadful enormities, and to none sooner than to those of cruelty.

"A man who has made some little progress in humanity will avoid treading upon worms, snails, &c., in his walks. He must be a savage who would do it wantonly; but this man will take some care and pains to avoid it. He will remember those humane lines—

> "The poor beetle that we tread upon,
> In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great
> As when a giant dies."

"Instead of crushing these weak and defenceless children of nature under his feet, he will not be ashamed to remove them to a place of safety, even though unthinking insensibility herself were passing by, with a look of mingled wonder and ridicule.

"Before we destroy one of these diminutive animals, which seem so perfectly undeserving of any sort of notice or regard, let us ask ourselves, whether we would wantonly dash to pieces at one blow a curious piece of machinery, such as a watch or a clock; supposing all ideas of value or expense out of the question. Let us then reflect, that in the number, make, and combination of its parts, the least and lowest animal in the creation, a mite, a worm, or a fly, infinitely surpasses the finest piece of mechanism that ever the skill of the most ingenious workman was able to execute; and, what is still more material, that in the spring which gives motion

to this wonderful frame, that is in the principle of life, it leaves behind it at an infinite distance, not only the imitation but even the comprehension of man. And shall we now, merely because He, who can crumble us into nothing with infinitely greater ease than we can crush the reptile under our feet, has given us the strength and ability to do it—shall we, I say, wantonly destroy this frame, and extinguish this vital principle, this spark of life, which not all the art of man shall be able to rekindle? I think we shall not find in our hearts to do it.

"Such a man as this of whom we are speaking, although he may not believe, with many of the good people of Sweden,* that three sins will be forgiven him, if he replace upon its feet a cockchafer which has happened to fall upon its back, will yet be ready to relieve from a situation of danger and distress any animal that falls in his way. His conscience will be ready to charge him with a breach of humanity, if he does not hasten to the relief of the fly, whenever

> ——"the fluttering wing
> And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
> And ask the helping hospitable hand."—*Summer*, p. 267.

"The sum of all is this:—A man who has made a tolerable progress in humanity, will adopt, and ever bear in mind, the principle of increasing, as far as lies within his power, the quantity of pleasure in the world, and diminishing that of pain: he will establish this to himself as a constant and inviolable rule of action, and in carrying it into practice he will not overlook one created thing that is endued with faculties capable of perceiving pleasure and pain: he will reflect who it was that gave these faculties, and that they were not given to be sported with; he will not esteem the meanest of animals beneath the notice of his humanity, because in the meanest of them are displayed the wisdom and the power of that all-benevolent Being, without whom not a single sparrow shall fall to

* Sparrman's Voyages, vol. i. p. 211.

the ground, and whose bounty feedeth the young ravens that call upon him: his sensibility will be tremblingly alive to the sensations of all animated nature: he will feel for every thing that is capable of feeling: he will look upon pity and kindness and mercy towards his own species as the weightier matters of humanity,* but at the same time he will consider the humane treatment of animals as more than the tithe of the anise and cummin of it; he will scrupulously do his duty in the former, and in the latter he will not leave it undone.

"If any one think that some things in this chapter are whimsical or ridiculous, or over-refined, let him consider that a man who pursues his moral improvement rationally and resolutely, and who is aware of the manner in which our passions cheat us into vice, will be fain to take all advantages in his turn, and will do, and abstain from, many things for the sake of habit, which in themselves are indifferent and unimportant; conscious that actions, whether good or bad, acquire to themselves a consequence, when considered in their relation to other actions, which would not have belonged to them in their private and independent capacity."—*Essay on Humanity to Animals, by the Rev. Thomas Young.*

Note H.

It might be thought these cruelties, and many others, were the fruits of ignorance of pain—but inflict a blow upon the perpetrator—the swelling veins, the flushed cheek of anger, discover at once a knowledge of its nature. The torturer of animated life will feel acutely the least injury to one of its own offspring; strike another man's dog after he has brutally abused it himself—the humanity of selfishness sees at once the cruelty.

* St. Matthew, xxiii. 23.

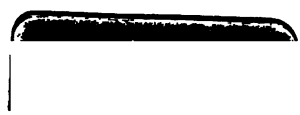
Note I.

Locke's Treatise on Education has some excellent notices on this subject of cruelty. And it appears to us, not only that as the omission of parents, in prevenhting cruelty to inferior beings, allows the most baneful plant of cruelty to man, to spring among the weeds of negligence: so also the root of cruelty at all, may be traced to a further source, and it may be certainly affirmed, that no parent, who has sincerely the refinement of a child at heart, will permit, unnoticed, the wanton destruction even of inanimate objects. The rudest mass of matter has the capacity to injure—it may be made to crush and to destroy; but what is there in existence organised like the human hand, for the most exquisite purposes of preservation and improvement: to permit the infant fingers, ere they have learned to do well, to practise themselves in ill, is a fatal oversight that must deprave the heart which "takes the colour of our deeds," by the perversion of one of nature's most admirable endowments. A mother is often seen watching her child with pleasure or indifference, while he tears to pieces some construction presented a few moments before—regard the downcast spiteful look, the intelligent light of the eye concealed, the innocent smile of childhood lost; the little hands assuming the aspect of claws—a barbarian in miniature. Animals are next beheld treated in a similar wanton manner, with similar complacency—advancing in an excellent school to disregard and injure the fine fabrics of human feeling, and tear asunder all constructions of society that oppose the will, or stimulate by difficulty.

Note K.

We have seen a bullfinch, which accident deprived of life after only a six months' possession, during the first three of

which it was as usual confined to a cage; and though quite wild at the beginning, yet, by the exquisite kindness of the possessor, acquired in that short time so singular a confidence, that it was safely trusted in the open air to follow the voice, would flutter eagerly at the window for admission, knew the knock of every inmate, and welcomed them with a cry, and called like a child if left alone; watched over its owner as over its own young, brought food in its native manner, and would not rest till it was received; would follow those it knew into the darkest corner, and would come and sing before a stranger when called, sitting where desired. In fact, had it proceeded in *civilization* with the same progress as it began, it must soon have been able not to *talk* but to *converse*.

In carrying this concluding sheet to the press, we encountered one of the worst instances of that disgusting abuse, the tyrannous appropriation of dogs as beasts of draught or burden. Three poor animals, yoked to a cart, were lying in the street, the *necks and backs of all three* RAW, from the wretched, defective harness which fettered them; one unhappy victim having dragged his head from the collar to relieve the smart, was beaten and furiously forced into the lacerating thong and buckle. How long are the "sweet influences" of attachment to be thus dissevered in this faithful animal, and the friend and companion of human nature—all ancient sacred ties of gratitude discarded—made a receptacle for curses and abuse, corrupting man in the tortures of his dependants?

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